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STRAIGHT TO THE NORTH POLE!

Commander Byrd Writes of His Sensations During His Epochal Flight and Describes the Method Of Navigation That Enabled Him to Lay an Unswerving Course to the Top of the World

The nation is preparing to pay its tribute to Lieut. Commander Richard E. Byrd, who, accompanied by Floyd Bennett, flew to the North Pole and back—the first to make the hazardous flight. What were the sensations of these men as they winged their swift way over the ice which had spelled hardship and disaster to the brave explorers who had attempted the journey on foot? In the article that follows, Commander Byrd describes the epochal trip.

By RICHARD E. BYRD,
Lieutenant Commander, U. S. N.

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Lieut. Commander Byrd "Shooting" the Sun.

Times Wide World Photo.

ONE who attempts to explore the Arctic by aircraft is pioneering and stands a good chance of making a great monkey of himself in the eyes of the world. There are no airplane factories in the Arctic. The smallest slip might result in a cracked-up airplane, failure, ridicule and possible bankruptcy. There are many opportunities for mishaps which mean all the difference between success and dismal failure.

Last year we flew in midsummer with boats from open leads of water. This year we flew from snow on skis. Now our flight was somewhat experimental. Some explorers had said that airships could explore the Arctic, but airplanes were impossible, because conditions were largely unknown and little was known about the task of lifting a heavy three-motor plane from skis.

But it was not of the world I was thinking when our skis left the snow for our flight poleward. I had a quick moment of thankfulness toward the members of our expedition to whom we owed the success of our take-off—thankfulness for their unselfish, tireless work and their ingenuity and skill. Their intense pride in the expedition and their loyalty had expressed the highest patriotism. It placed a terrific moral obligation upon me. They were the world for Bennett and myself. We felt we could not fail them.

All this flashed through my mind rapidly: How easy it would be to go back ruined by a slight mishap, my reputation gone, my naval record eclipsed. One false start which would smash the plane and there would be nothing left but an ignominious return. Now we were off. What lay ahead was in the lap of the gods. But this was forgotten instantly in the joy which surged through me when I realized that finally we were off—on our way after all our disappointments, our motors roaring smoothly, the plane lifting slowly but steadily with its great load; the midnight sun shining only a few degrees to the right of our course as we turned toward the white waste of ice between us and the Pole.

When the motors were started for our flight it was midnight. I looked toward the North Pole and there was the sun exactly in line with it. What a peculiar sensation it was to be starting at midnight with the sun shining clearly!

Our skis had taken us off the snow with a load—that much had been accomplished. The confidence which had been placed in us before we left home had been justified to that extent at least, and that meant a very great deal to me. There had been many difficulties to overcome, some tangible, others intangible. The season had been early, much earlier than we expected, which was characteristic of the capricious Arctic. The year before (on May 21) when Amundsen took off from the ice of Kings Bay in his flying boats, he had a fairly smooth, hard surface before him, but on April 29 we found ice broken and floating in cakes and small bergs—an impossible surface for planes equipped with skis. When we had taken to land covered with snow we had broken skis and made false starts and felt our hearts sink into our boots. But now we were off.

The plane lifted over the ice-flecked bay, rising higher and higher until we passed Cape Mitre about 2,000 feet in the air. I think that was the first moment we realized that we were really on our way. It had seemed too good to be true. Back there, behind us, men waving their hats and cheering had faded from view, the houses of Kings Bay and even the great shed of the dirigible Norge had faded into a background of snow-covered mountains. We were alone in the wilderness of snow and ice, with sea beneath, and northward on the horizon, shimmering under the midnight sun, was the ice glint—that line of flickering, shining light where ice and sky meet. There lay our goal. Through that shining curtain we must pass to whatever lay beyond.

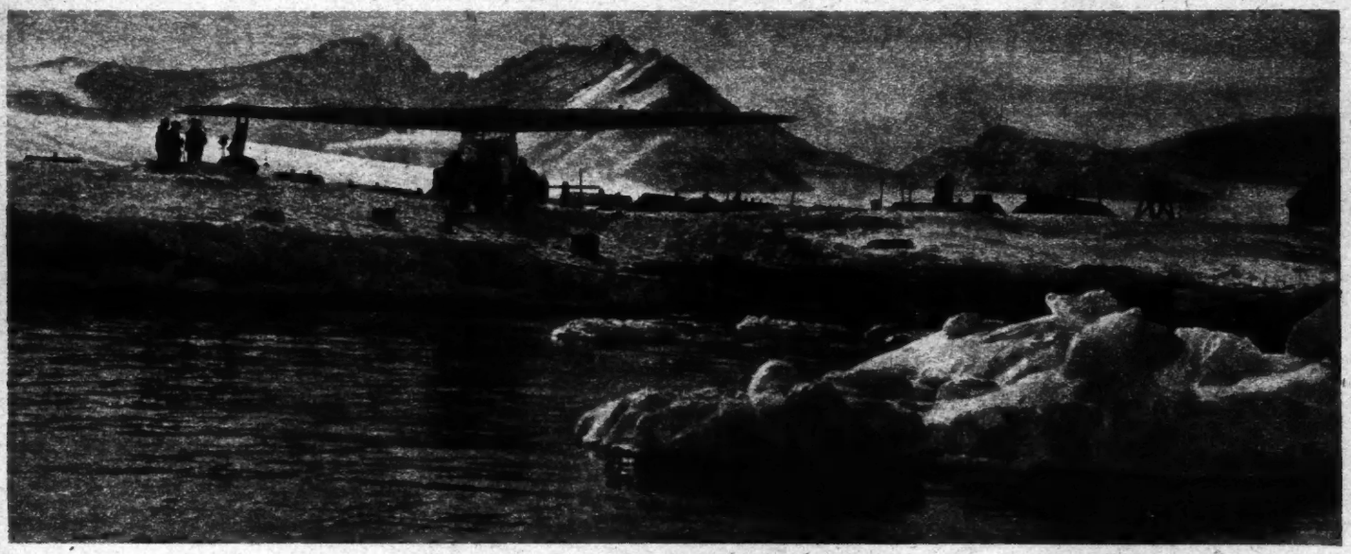
Years ago when I was a boy I read a book by Poe which told of the approach of some adventurers toward the South Pole and their being confronted by a mysterious barrier mist beyond which they could not see. It made a profound impression on my mind as a youngster, and for a moment as we looked northward toward this shining veil, which always receded and which we must penetrate, memory of it flashed through my mind. It was a strange world we were entering, cold and baffling, and what an adventure it would be to fly 1,500 miles through it!

We drove north along the coast of Spitzbergen to Amsterdam Island, where we were to head toward the Pole. I thought of what was ahead, the difficulties of finding our way in space where there are no guideposts, where the compass fluctuated widely, where we would be dependent upon knowledge we had accumulated of navigation in the Arctic during the preceding year. Would it be sufficient? Would charts I had and knowledge I had gained of variations be enough to pilot us from land to that indeterminate point—the Pole—and back again?

I thought of this many times as we hummed North with motors working faultlessly. I got bearings on known points of land, checked up the compass we carried—a big compass which I had placed in a position where it was affected little by the metal of the plane. I checked up bearings by the sun compass and prepared to start off to the North.

I had picked up a line from a mountain peak on Hoel Peninsula to the northernmost tip of Amsterdam Island as giving us a course true north, and when we got to that

Back From the Pole—Commander Byrd Wings His Way to Kings Bay, Spitzbergen.



Before the Flight—The Josephine Ford at Spitzbergen.

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Bennett swung the plane and we began our flight into the unknown. I knew the variation of the magnetic compass and found that it checked with the sun compass. That was good. By means of the sun compass I was able to check the course exactly, so that by a wave of the hand to right or left after sighting through the trapdoor at the top of the fuselage I was able to keep Bennett on the straight course I had outlined on the map.

Strangely enough, Bennett had a tendency to swing to right for no reason which either he or I had been able to account for since we have talked the matter over, and I had to keep after him constantly for some minutes. After that he kept the course splendidly. When I took the wheel I steered to the left that amount Bennett had gone to the right. I had a perfect view of Hoel Mountain for more than fifty miles and so had plenty of time to check all the instruments and make sure we were started fair and true for the Pole.

Above the Ice Pack

We had gone only a short distance when we reached the edge of the ice pack. It was a rather clearly defined edge, for there was little drifting ice, and it was with a queer sensation that I realized that at last we were over the famous ice sheet upon which so many famous men had struggled and fought their way northward without success, until Peary made his epic trip. What a lonesome and uninviting expanse it was! I thought of all the tragedy which was written on those shifting ice floes—of men and ships which had disappeared below them, leaving no trace behind, of brave and fearless souls who had dared the North vainly, often to perish. And here we were in a huge contrivance of man's ingenuity, driven by three powerful motors, humming over the pack at ninety miles an hour, safely and in comparative comfort, with the midnight sun overhead guiding us northward, always northward.

I did not know which to admire more, the brave men who had toiled on foot or the genius of man which had made this flight possible.

All this time I was busier than a bird dog. I was working in a small compartment filled with tanks holding one hundred gallons each, with a small aisle between them, through which, in my fur suit, I could just squeeze. Back along the sides were loose five-gallon cans of gasoline. Over the forward tank on the left, or port, side, was the radio-sending apparatus. Back of the right-hand tank was a trapdoor in the floor for sighting with the drift indicator. Directly behind was a small shelf for my maps and sun compass, with a smaller shelf on the other side to which I could transfer the sun compass if necessary, so that the sun shining through small windows in the fuselage would hit it.

There was another sun compass fastened on top of the fuselage just back of the trapdoor in the top. I could see this by standing on a box and sometimes I had to look forward and check up the direction of the plane. It was in doing this that the blast from the wind stream froze my nose and cheeks; only by vigorous rubbing did I restore circulation. Below the sun compass aft and directly under the trapdoor was the ship's big compass. Fortunately there were no bumps over the Polar Sea on the day we flew, so the plane maintained a fairly even altitude, avoiding those jerks which throw a compass off. I believe the Polar Sea is seldom bumpy, except in a storm. Over the chart shelf were chronometers. I had been studying for weeks to be sure that I had exact Greenwich Time.

We knew our greatest danger was getting off the course and that we must fly a straight course if we were to reach the Pole. It is very easy to deviate from the course a little, one side or the other, but the tendency is to even up eventually if navigation is correct. I was watching the drift indicator and sun compass at intervals of not more than three minutes, hopping from one to the other, and I found by calculating the speed and drift that we were able to navigate by dead reckoning (as it is called at sea) with an accuracy that far exceeded my expectations. By making sights on the sun with my sextant and getting lines of position at intervals I learned that this method checked pretty well with dead reckoning. This was interesting to me, for, having done a good deal of navigation both by sea and air, it seemed apparent that dead reckoning in the air under the favorable conditions we encountered were more reliable than on a ship when it encounters ocean currents. For on a ship there is no way of seeing bottom as I could see ice or of checking speed currents as I could check wind drift by sighting down at the ice. This correspondence between dead reckoning and sights with the sextant was very encouraging.

During these long periods of navigation, when I was jumping from one instrument to another and making my calculations from sextant sight by means of the rapid method I had learned and applied on other flights, I had little opportunity to think of anything else. The mind became a machine which registered, calculated and deducted with precision. Every moment of time was occupied. There was no leisure to think of what we were passing over or the hazards which might lie before us. But after

A Bold Water Lead in the Polar Ice Pack.

a time it became necessary for Bennett to pour gasoline from the cans into the big tanks and thereafter every now and then I relieved him at the controls. It was a welcome change, so much so that when the flight was half over I relaxed with such unconscious relief that I dozed off. Only the increased speed of the motors as the plane nosed downward woke me from a hypnotic trance caused by the constant beat, and I started up to find the plane diving toward the ice. During these intervals of piloting I kept the course by holding the sun compass—that invaluable little instrument—in one hand and piloting the plane with the other.

There came a time when I knew we were holding our course with accuracy. I could then turn my attention to the ice below us and gaze down upon it with the mingled sensations of flier and explorer. The many stretches of snow-covered ice looked fairly smooth and even so it seemed that there must be landing places within view all the time. But I knew that ice is deceptive from above, and what seemed smooth was possibly rough and hummocked surface, for this diffused light of the midnight sun does not throw shadows. To one who had time to observe it all, 100,000 square miles of ice spread out before us during the flight, and toward the end we saw 10,000 square miles never before viewed by man. Peary's vision was relatively limited, and from the air we saw distances which he in his lonely, unceasing toil could never have seen.

It was with strangly mingled feelings that we looked upon these last miles toward the Pole. When we were about twenty minutes away I wrote this note to Bennett: "We ought to be there pretty soon." Bennett nodded back and smiled, for the roar of the motors made it impossible for us to talk. Then I made my last sights and knew we were at the Pole at last.

The North Pole! A whirring, roaring bluebird out of the South carrying two bits of humanity bundled in parkas beyond all recognition came swooping through the air with the ease of a gull and soared over this problematical, mathematical point which had been the goal of men for so many generations.

It did not look different from other miles of ice over which we had just passed. There was the same stretch of brilliant white marked by ridges, hummocks and a few leads recently frozen, showing green against white. This was the desolate top of the earth and we were over it. I shook hands with Bennett, who smiled and nodded satisfaction, then made my way aft and saluted the gallant Peary.

From pressure ridges I knew that the ice there was in constant motion. The ice was composed of large cakes, of fields whose edges, except at the leads, jammed up against each other and were pressed so tightly by wind and ocean currents that ice and snow was forced up to varying heights, depending upon the pressure exerted. Cakes were glistening white with hummocks.

Here and there on most of them and on some drifts caused by strong winds I knew the surface was more uneven than it looked from the plane. Floes were of many shapes and sizes, and pressure ridges ran willy-nilly, apparently without rhyme or reason.

We had made it—whatever might come afterward, for there was some doubt in our minds even then if we would ever get back. Some time before we reached the Pole I had noticed the starboard motor oil tank leaking. Oil whizzed by me in what seemed an alarmingly fast stream. I told Bennett about it and he looked it over also and seemed rather grave when he came back. We talked over it by means of notes and decided no matter what happened we would go to the Pole first. For we were so far away from land that the few miles we had to go would make no difference as far as our safety was concerned.

The Motor Carries On

"Let's go there and decide what to do afterward," Bennett and I concluded. I felt grave but said to myself grimly: "We'll get there whether or not we get all the way back. We'll get to the Pole." For we feared, if the oil gave out early on our return, we might not be able to make the long flight back to Spitzbergen and certainly not if still another leak should occur. Despite my great satisfaction at reaching the Pole I felt an undercurrent of disappointment that failure of the oil tank would prevent us from reaching Cape Morris Jessup and exploring territory between there and the Pole. The motor did not stop, however, and to our amazement we found after landing that there was some oil left. The leak had been caused by a rivet pulling out and the oil did not drop below the level of the hole.

After we reached the Pole we went a little further, changing from north to south, in an instant, a curious sensation. Then we circled so as to go around the Pole again. We had the strange experience of changing time so rapidly that we went all around the clock in a few minutes and changed from one day to another and then back again, as well as circumnavigating the globe. It was the oddest experience to reflect upon that could happen to man, for time and space were topsy-turvy, and almost an Einstein would have been required to straighten them out.

In order to keep my head clear there and not get confused I had to forget peculiar time and direction and concentrate on the position of the blessed sun. For the magnetic compass swung in disconcerting fashion as we turned back. But when the revolution had been com-

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D'ANNUNZIO WELCOMES A WAR COMRADE

Officer Who Fought With the Poet at Fiume Describes a Visit to the Exotic Villa Vittoriale

Gabriele d'Annunzio's Secluded Home.

By LIEUT. MANLIO BARILLI

ACROSS the tranquil surface of Lake Garda the little steamboat furrows its slow path. As we round a wooded promontory, Isola di Garda comes into view. Passengers point; necks are craned; a cry goes up: "Ecco il 'Vittoriale.'" For we have sighted the rustic villa, barely glimpsed through the thick foliage of the garden, where Gabriele d'Annunzio lives.

I disembarked at the little landing and noticed a speedboat at anchor. This, it seems, serves as an occasional outlet for the poet's craving for danger. The craving is still there, although he has renounced the world. When the desire for adventure waxes strong, he sets sail in this little craft, preferably during a storm, when mountain winds whip the ordinarily calm waters of the lake into a miniature raging ocean. During one of these perilous expeditions the boat caught fire and d'Annunzio emerged victorious only after a battle with the combined elements of water and flame. But ventures of this sort are rare breaks in the placid tenor of the soldier-poet's sequestered life—a life of creative literary activity, now, but physically passive.

The Fiery Commander

It seems strange to associate such an existence with d'Annunzio. I think of him always as I knew him at Fiume, and during all those stirring and spectacular episodes that marked his career before and during the war. He is, to me, the fiery commandant who led the bold, if short-lived, Fiume expedition, and planted the red flag of Carnaro on Dalmatian soil; the dauntless warrior who spurred his cruiser on to Pola. I think of him as the dare-devil spirit who flew over Vienna in 1917, scattering pamphlets instead of bombs; a figure of tireless and unending activity, associated with a dozen impetuous causes—such as the Egyptian fight for independence, the Irish battle for freedom. Never before has he played the rôle of tranquil spectator.

In art, in war, in love, a man of deeds; restless, ceaselessly moving. I wondered what would prove to be the environment and mode of existence that have tamed this tempestuous creature to a hermit's ways? Is this the philosophic calm of advancing years? How has d'Annunzio adapted himself to this new life? Are the erratic fires of his spirit smoldering or extinguished? I was to learn.

Climbing slowly up a rocky path bordered with laurel hedges and the silvery green of olive trees, serene and idyllic against the dazzling blue of Lake Garda, I glimpsed at last a charming villa, simple and impressive in that luxuriant natural setting. A little fountain murmured a perpetual soft melody.

Every detail of the place has been stamped indelibly with d'Annunzio's personality. Over the little entrance door, which he has named the Portiuncula, is inscribed in golden letters the legend:

Clausura	Silentium
Finche S'Apra	Finche Parli

—a motto that may be interpreted as an invitation to enter or to stay out; to speak or to keep silence, depending on whether it is read vertically or horizontally.

In the little courtyard, which one enters first, a marble tablet bears the name "Piazza dei Sospiri" (Piazza of Sighs) commemorating the many eager visitors who have waited and sighed here in the vain hope of gaining admittance to the poet's sanctum. A majestic old cedar casts a deep shadow over another façade of the Buen Retiro, the poet's retreat.

All sorts of innovations have been effected since d'Annunzio came to live here. These were undertaken by his architect, Carlo Maroni, who lives near by in a quaint rustic cottage. In the centre of the largest lawn stands a tall column, topped with a pennon, reminiscent of those that were once flaunted in the great square of Venice and more recently at Fiume, during the brief Carnaro regency. Two great marble blocks adorned with eight grotesques serve as capital to the column, and crowning the fluttering flag is a little carved Madonna.

The villa itself, the "Vittoriale," is unostentatious in its outer aspect. Its charm is a rustic dignity, which d'Annunzio has left untouched. He has recognised its perfect suitability to the sylvan background.

A winding stream runs through the grounds, spanned by several miniature bridges: the Bridge of Sighs, the Bridge of Hares, the Bridge of Wishes (where, so goes the legend, your wishes are fulfilled for the price of a penny), and the Bridge of Iron Heads, adorned with eight massive machine guns presented to d'Annunzio by General Diaz, Commander-in-Chief of the Italian Army during the war. Here and there are scattered fragments of rock and mounds of earth brought from the Austro-Italian battlefields.

In an enclosure fenced with stone benches stands a row of white columns commemorating Italy's victories. A black column represents Caporetto. Here another column will soon rise, dedicated to Ireland, in which d'Annunzio takes a warm interest. One sees d'Annunzio's favorite chair at the edge of a little marble basin from which olive branches sprout.

Near by is a statue of Victory crowned with thorns, around whose base a malignant serpent is curled in symbolic flight from the peace and purity of the place. Before it, on a tripod, incense perpetually burns in memory of the heroic dead.

The Poet Lives on the Shores of Lake Garda.

A Garden Ornament—The Prow of the Battleship Puglia.

No Fat Men Needed

Outside the enclosure is a small space reserved to "calumny," which, says the poet, is inescapable, even in the camps of the men of good faith. The garden is walled; the only door, named the "Chiusa Francescana," is very narrow, so that, according to d'Annunzio, fat men may be unable to enter. In one corner is a shed, which houses the airplane in which d'Annunzio made his famous flight over Vienna. Enshrined on a hillock is the prow of the dreadnought Puglia, on which Commandant Gulli was killed at Spalato in 1920. The relic was given to d'Annunzio by the Italian Government.

On entering the house one feels from the first instant an atmosphere of mystical seclusion. It is a world apart; a little cosmos, belonging peculiarly to d'Annunzio, and fragrant with the aroma of his almost fabulous career.

The reception room breathes a serene apartness, with its tranquil gold and green hangings over walls and windows. Bookshelves, filled with rare morocco-bound volumes—ponderous tomes on art, music, literature and history — mark the scholar. The panes are tightly shut. A heavy silence fills the place. The thud of footsteps is muffled in the thick carpet. Old pharmaceutical vessels stand on the mantle-piece; pieces of faience on the shelves. Desks and tabourets are laden with gold and silver plates, on which cigarettes are heaped high, exuding a mingled fragrance of tobacco and rose leaves. A dim, mottled light filters in through venerable mauve and yellow stained-glass windows.

His Hall of Meditation

In sharp contrast to the sybaritic ease of this room is the ecclesiastical severity of the adjoining chamber, the poet's hall of meditation, called the Adriatic Oratory. The room is paneled in walnut. Old choir benches, each marked with the name of some forgotten monk, are the only pieces of furniture in the room. A mammoth Venetian lion stands at one end; at the other is a companion piece, brought in a small rowboat to the Commandante d'Annunzio at Fiume by the citizens of the Island of Arbe. The sombre shadows of the room are relieved by the burnished glow of a red marble fireplace, whose gleams are reflected in a tiny fountain that plays in the centre of the chamber. An oil lamp over the altar burns in memory of the poet's mother. Statues of St. Francis and St. Claire, in niches, complete the atmosphere of religious abstraction.

Just off this room is the poet's holy of holies, his workroom and study, where none but himself may enter. The door to this sanctum is not more than five feet high, so that, says d'Annunzio, even he may be compelled to bend head and knee on entering the sanctuary of art. This is one of the poet's pet personifications. Doors, to him, are active watchmen.

Beyond the threshold one catches a glimpse of revolvers and ancient swords. Even at his writing d'Annunzio is still the warrior. It is here that he sits most of the day. The view from his windows embraces the vibrant blue of the lake where Virgil once wrote. A short while ago, while he was busy with his novel "Il Venturio senza Ventura" (The Luckless Adventure), he said to me:

"I am at the nervous stage of my work. I sit at my desk twelve and fourteen—sometimes sixteen—hours a day."

In the music room is an organ, whose silver pipes occasionally ring with soft melodies when the poet seeks inspiration. Heavy draperies separate this room from the library, where are assembled d'Annunzio's

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TURKEY'S 'FORGOTTEN' WOMEN ARE ASTIR

For Centuries the Law of the Prophet Kept Them in Retirement, But Now They Rejoice in a New Freedom

Veiled Women of Bygone Days in Turkey.

By ROSE LEE

ANGORA.

A CABLEGRAM from Constantinople reported lately that a Turk with forty wives had poisoned them all (and himself as well) to prevent them from enjoying the benefits of the Swiss Civil Code, which the Turkish Republic has adopted. The implication was that he and his wives preferred dying in company to living apart, since polygamy had been formally abolished. Probabilities aside, his conduct must be censored as overhasty. He might have taken the trouble to discover that Kemal's new Civil Code is not retroactive—that any Turk already possessing more than one wife may keep the surplus.

Even if the Koran had not limited to four the number of wives a man may have; even if monogamy had not been the rule for twenty years among the upper classes in Turkey, the tale brought by cable would be fantastic. You could never find forty Turkish women who would consent to share a single spouse.

One wonders where and how and for what purpose such stories are invented. Turkey is miles away in space and separated from America by a world of Western superstition and a complication of selfish interests. In considering reports about New Turkey, one should bear in mind a primary fact, namely, that Turkish men are not monsters, and Turkish women are far from being odalisques. The Turkish woman is distinctly an individual, possessing the same range of emotions and capacities as her sisters in the West. If her emotions are less trained by social usage, if her capacities are less fully developed, it is because Mohammedan life has doomed her sex for centuries to retirement and spiritual neglect.

Under the new republic, these conditions have been reversed. Mindful of their promise to make use of all the natural resources of Turkey, the leaders of the Nationalist movement decided to stop the waste of womanpower. They have removed all restrictive legislation and are putting forth positive efforts to prepare their women for cooperation in solving the problems of the secularized republic.

Ever since the Constitution of 1908 permitted them to travel abroad and compare their state with that of Western folk, the women of the Turkish upper class have been increasingly restive under the burden of Moslem restraint. Still, there has never been a woman movement in Turkey, in the conventional sense. There has never been an organized break for freedom directed by the women themselves. Before the republic, it would have been impracticable. When Turkish women could be arrested for appearing in a theatre or a restaurant, or for speaking with a man on the street, the situation was beyond them.

Today the Turkish Government is the official champion of woman's rights. Before the overthrow of the Sultanate a group of liberal and intellectual men urged woman's cause. These men permitted their wives and daughters to go unveiled; to substitute the Russian handkerchief for the tcharchof, that discreet headdress which falls to the waist; and to entertain at home in European style. A few even accompanied their wives to parties at the foreign embassies, though not without noise from the scandalized.

One lady, describing the conditions of ten years ago, told me that although her husband allowed her to be present when he entertained male guests she was required to keep it secret. When she saw one of her husband's friends in the street she used actually to tremble for fear that he might speak and so compromise her. "Since then," she added, "life has changed so much that I can hardly realize it. Sometimes, I stop and wonder if everything that I am doing is not a dream."

Life's New Tempo

This young matron is one who has adapted herself with amazing facility to a changed tempo of life. She is among those who have learned to play bridge with foreign diplomats, to dance until daylight at the official balls. She has modeled herself as far as possible upon the current fashion of the West. Her hair and her skirts are modishly short. Her eyes—those wide, dark eyes of the Orient—are no longer heavy with paint. If she wears a scarf on her hair instead of a hat, it is only because she is prettier so. She is pleased with her new life and, in consequence, intensely patriotic. There were many like her last Winter in Angora—women of the new régime. Most of them, of course, have had some earlier contact with the West, through travel or schooling. They have not been wholly cloistered; but it is only three years since their world was fully opened to them. It is only this year that they have entered upon a formal round of entertainments. Therefore it is not strange if they incline to be self-conscious in relation to the other sex and wary of masculine company. Like débutantes the world over, they take their social activities very seriously. Sometimes, seeing the succession of balls and tea-parties in Angora this season, it seemed to me that the ladies were trying to compensate in one brief Winter for centuries of retirement.

Signs of the Times in Constantinople.

International Photo.

Days in the Old Seraglio

One remembers sympathetically a woman who was a relic of the old Sultanate days. Her husband had been first Chamberlain at the Palace. A little wistfully, she described the elaborate ritual of the palace. In those days, the Sultan was the only man before whom all women could unveil their faces, and apparently he was very courteous to his guests. Women had plenty of power in the old seraglio, though their power was more or less unofficial.

There was one favorite, a Circassian slave, who would never permit the Sultan Azaiz to visit her unless he wore his famous emerald ring. One day the Sultan came without his ring and the whole palace had to be roused to search for it before the capricious beauty would receive her master.

The woman who remembers these things lives alone in an old house in Nichantasse. She is poor yet gracious. Her rooms are filled with furniture from which the gilt is peeling and her walls are hung with photographs of dead Sultans and banished Princes. She is loyal to her memories, yet she believes in the new régime and like all the women of Turkey she worships Mustapha Kemal. Three months ago she first left off her veil. When I saw her she was planning to travel alone to America and lecture on the Chautauqua circuit.

"I am really too old to change my ways," she said, "but I am doing my best. It is hard * * *."

Freedom, it appears, is not always an unmixed blessing. Coming suddenly, it demands strenuous adjustments, and these, however fair, mean renouncing something familiar and cherished. Freedom requires one to learn a new technique of life. Sometimes it is bewildering. Within a brief three years the Turkish Republic has offered to its women a freedom as complete—save for the vote—as they would find it in the West.

Today there is practically nothing an American woman may do which a Turkish woman is not theoretically free to do. She may dress as suits her fancy. She may go where she pleases. She may dance and drink and flirt discreetly, or she may devote herself to serious achievement. All the schools of higher learning are open to her and all the professions except that of politics. There is no longer a forgotten sex in Turkey.

About a month ago I chanced to see a Turkish woman, hatted and gloved, waiting in an outer office of the Ministry of Justice. It seemed she was a law student—one of three women graduating this year—who wished to become a judge. She had been waiting for two days to see the Minister, and would wait a week if necessary. His Excellency knew, no doubt, what she wanted, and was interested in testing her persistence. She was extremely earnest. Lately I heard that this woman had been appointed to the bench, and so had established a precedent for her sex in Turkey.

This is poetic justice—to find women assisting in the enforcement of the new civil code which gives them legal equality with men! It is too soon, of course, to judge the effect of the adoption of the Swiss civil code by Turkey, or to know just how literally it will be enforced. But women told me that the mere fact of it had given them new pride and self-respect. On the day that the code was adopted in Turkey the Minister of Justice was showered with telegrams of congratulation. Fifty or sixty of these came from women, thanking the Minister for his efforts in behalf of their sex.

Turkish Women of Today—In a Regatta at Constantinople.

The first civil wedding in Turkey took place a few days after the code was passed, when the daughter of General Kazim Pasha was married under it to the young man of her choice. The ceremony was followed by a ball, given in the chilly hall of the Turkoujack, or Turkish Home-Fires Association. It was an affair of state, celebrating also the inauguration of the new body of law. President Kemal, elegant in his military uniform, was there, and the dignitaries of the Government and the leaders of the army, that silent partner to the revolution.

Old and New Meet

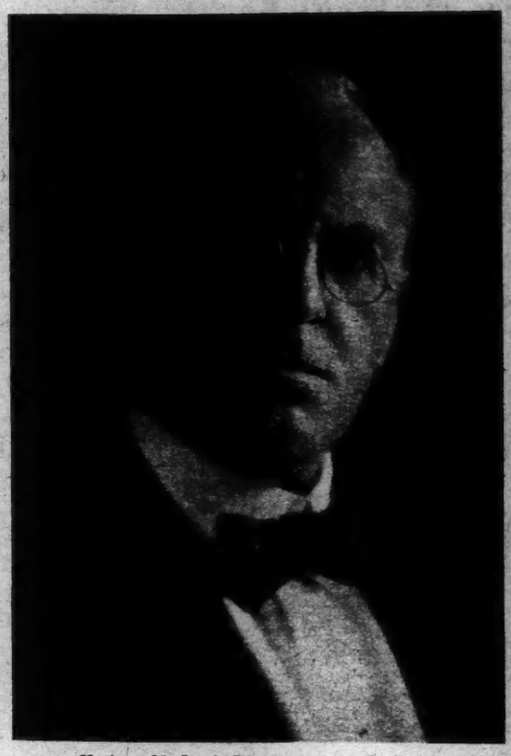
Like most balls in Turkey it was held on a Thursday—the Moslem equivalent of Saturday night. It began when the night was half over, and lasted well into the morning. At about 11 o'clock the band struck up the national anthem, and the bride floated in on the arm of the President of the republic. She wore the dress traditional for Turkish brides, of white and gold, long streamers of tinsel depending from the headdress. Her costume was the only traditional thing about the affair.

If this had been a wedding in the old style, the bride would have been meeting her fiancé for the first time. Courtship used to be unheard of. According to strict Moslem custom, a

(Continued on Page 23)

AMERICA HEARS THE GOSPEL OF ECONOMY

It Is Preached at the Government's Budget Bureau and Is Carried by Ether Waves to Farmer and Merchant



Herbert M. Lord, Director of the Budget.

© by Harris & Ewing.

By CARSON C. HATHAWAY

TOMORROW evening a dozen radio stations, scattered from Maine to the Mississippi, will thunder forth from the national capital the gospel of economy. At 8 o'clock, Eastern Standard Time, the New England twang of Calvin Coolidge will echo up the Atlantic shores and roll majestically along the Western prairies.

And in Washington—

Many days ago letters went out from the Bureau of the Budget requesting the names of the heads of departments and establishments and other officials who are in authoritative relationship to the expenditure of Government funds. Those named received a summons in the form of a colored card bearing the words:

Admit Bearer
To the Meeting of the
Business Organization of the
Government
Monday, June 21, 1926

Tomorrow occurs the eleventh gathering of this kind. The first was back in June, 1921. Those who attend, some 1,500 persons, are charged with the expenditure of three and a half billions of dollars a year.

Here They State Their Needs

Visualize the scene. Within sight of the White House is a marble building known as Memorial Continental Hall, owned by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Into this stately structure will pour a stream of Government officials, some of international reputation. Here is one from the Department of Agriculture who needs millions of dollars to kill billions of insects. There is one from the Bureau of Standards whose helpers experiment to produce unbreakable china and standardized loaves of bread. Here are two from the Department of Justice. One spends funds for the Atlanta Penitentiary and the other for the protection of migratory game birds.

The colored card promised music by the Navy Band, and as the guests arrive this band is playing "Dixie." From the ceiling of the beautiful auditorium hangs a rod with a circle of flags of many nations, slowly revolving over the gathering throng. Flags of the States of the Union line the upper walls. At the rear of the front platform hangs a portrait of George Washington, a light focused upon it, and an American flag is at the left. Below the picture a bronze tablet commemorates the Conference for Limitation of Armament, held in the same building in 1921-22.

On the platform sits the Vice President. Time was when Mr. Dawes himself served as Director of the Budget and profoundly shocked the capital by his fervid oratory. It was on Feb. 3, 1922, that he called for two brooms, one a navy broom and the other an army broom, and waved them in the faces of his audience, challenging his listeners to tell him the difference. After the meeting President Harding remarked that General Dawes was the only speaker he knew who could make a speech with both feet in the air at the same time.

On one occasion Mr. Coolidge, as Vice President, sat on the platform and heard Mr. Dawes, Director of the Budget. Turn about is fair play, and Mr. Dawes, as Vice President, may now sit on the platform and listen to Mr. Coolidge.

Near by is the President's Cabinet. Secretary Hoover, who spent millions in war relief, must now be warned to conserve the Department of Commerce's thirty-million-dollar appropriation. Secretary Mellon, many times a millionaire, is not excused from saving the nickels in the Treasury Department. Attorney General Sargent, being a Vermont neighbor of the President's, is economical by environment; but he must attend with the rest.

Last January Washington heard, with much amusement, that two of the Cabinet members had issued invitations for dinner parties on the night of the business meeting. Just what happened to the dinners remains a secret, but the Secretaries were on the platform when the speaking began.

Eight o'clock is at hand. Suddenly there is applause. In one of the tiny boxes over the stage a woman appears. She has a charming smile and bows quickly to the audience before she seats herself with one or two companions. She does not look like an economist, but she never misses the President's semi-annual talks to his business organization. Mrs. Coolidge!

The crowd buzzes. The band strikes up and from a door at the rear of the stage the President of the United States enters, accompanied by a handful of men and by his aid, in full dress uniform, who adds a touch of color to the stage. The audience rises.

Up to this time all that has reached Farmer Cook, sitting before his loud-speaker at Cherry Crossroads, has been the navy band and the remarks of the announcer. The next thing he hears is the voice of the President. It is his meeting, so no one introduces him. When he comes to the platform, he walks to the speaker's stand, opens a little black book containing his address, lays it down before the microphones, and begins. He is talking to the most important Board of Directors in the world.

It is needless to ask what he talks about. At the last meeting his opening paragraph alone contained references to "conservation of revenue," "a smaller expenditure of money," "the constant elimination of waste" and "the making of every dollar count."

Facts From the President

As a public speaker President Coolidge does not pretend to rival Daniel Webster. He speaks in a conversational voice and, aside from an occasional nod to emphasize a point, or an infrequent gesture, his remarks are given with little variation of delivery. There is as much humor in his speech as in a block of Vermont marble. Nor does he employ any of those oratorical devices designed to draw applause. He talks facts. When he has finished there is no mistaking his meaning.

The President's address tomorrow will be of unusual interest because the tax cuts authorized by Congress went further than the President and the Director of the Budget thought wise. Because of the tax reductions there was considerable anxiety as to the possibility of accumulating any surplus, but the increase in revenues has been more than even the experts thought possible. It would not be astonishing if the surplus this year were announced to be in the neighborhood of $300,000,000.

As is his custom, the President will definitely fix a limit on appropriations for the coming year. He will insist on carrying out his policy of balancing the budget. His belief has consistently been that reduced expenditures allow tax reduction and that tax reduction brings public contentment.

The President's address is brief. In it he usually deals with the need for further economy and the necessity that all shall cooperate toward that end. The last paragraph of his address usually ends somewhat like this: "I will now turn this meeting over to General Lord, than whom you have no better friend."

It is then the privilege of General Lord, Director of the Bureau of the Budget, to "point with pride" and to "view with alarm." In the June business meetings there are always three years under discussion. The year just ending serves either as an inspiration or as a horrible example. Then there is the coming fiscal year, for which Congress has already made appropriations. "Don't spend them all," is the injunction. For the third year there is a demand that estimates submitted be kept down to the irreducible minimum.

General Lord is a great organization man. He specializes in clubs. In 1925 he announced that the now famous Two Per Cent. Club would be formed, designed to reduce by $62,000,000 the amount that had been estimated for the year. In January, 1926, he proclaimed the One Per Cent. Club.

In his own words, "every department, establishment, bureau and agency of the Government, and every person in the service is urged to make the attempt, at least, to qualify for membership. The requirement for entry into this new thrift club is a reduction in your estimated expenditure by at least 1 per cent."

Tomorrow night in Washington he may tell how many qualified for the organization. Some of the department heads who think they have already economized in every conceivable way will be on the anxious seat, wondering what new brand of club will be formed. That there will be one goes almost without saying.

The Government's Personnel

To Farmer Cook, out at Cherry Crossroads, the logical way for Uncle Sam to save money would seem to be by a reduction in the number of Government employes. But since the war the number has come down from more than 900,000 to about 550,000. More than half of those now employed are in the postal service. Less than 12 per cent. of the total are in Washington. Unless Farmer Cook wants his rural mail carrier dismissed, there can be few futher reductions in the Government personnel. Ingenuity, however, can always find places to save.

On his desk in the grim old Treasury Department Building General Lord keeps close at hand the letters from those who, all over the country, are taking loyal part in the economy program. From Oxford, Miss., comes a report that a United States Attorney is saving money through a better method of serving processes. The Post Office Department reports that instead of sending in by freight its worn mail bags to be repaired, it now sends the bags in vacant space in mail cars, saving the Government $16,000 annually.

In Yellowstone Park a cloudburst swept away an important bridge. In former years a deficiency fund would have been needed. Under the budget system every Government estab-

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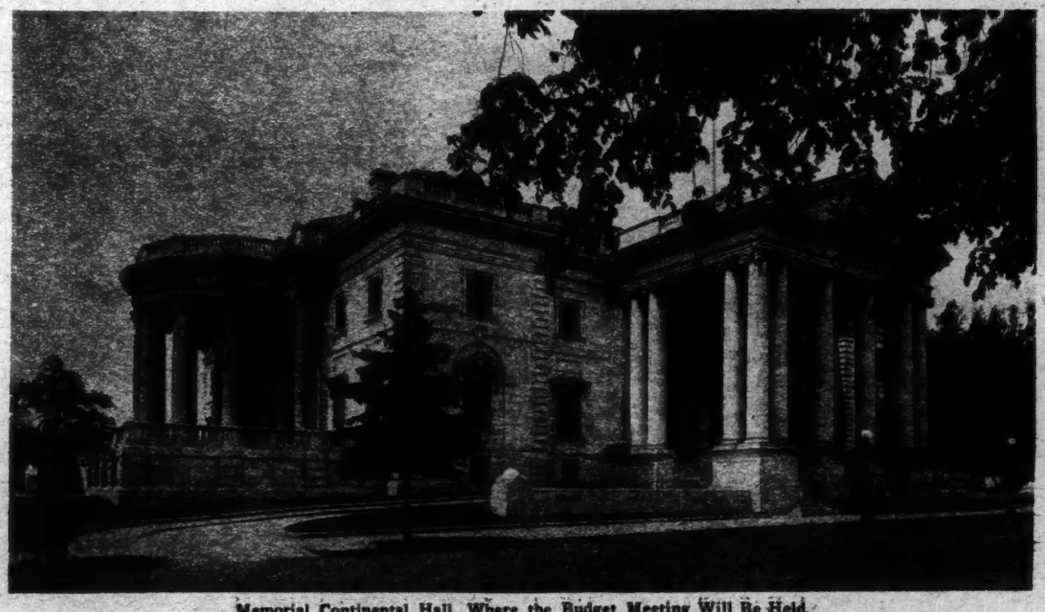

Memorial Continental Hall, Where the Budget Meeting Will Be Held.

© National Photo.

Boom Times Have Come to the Villages of Long Island.

LONG ISLAND HAS ITS OWN LAND BOOM

Drowsy Regions With Old Indian Names Awaken to the Cry of the Realtor and His High-Powered Salesmen

By MILDRED ADAMS

BOOM times have come to Long Island. New sidewalks stretch in long white ribbons across marsh and meadow land, swimming pools bubble on hill tops and two-family houses sprout in swamps. And everywhere, like freckles or measles or poison ivy, "blossom the white lot markers, the forget-me-nots of the realtor."

Long known in fiction as the abode of English butlers and American millionaires; suspected of undemocratic snobbery; vaguely visualized as a piece of land bounded on the north by the Prince of Wales and on the south by an ocean of rum runners, the island has suddenly become chatty and familiar. It issues cordial invitations by mail, telephone and word of mouth to "visit at our expense" vast tracts of subdivided countryside.

There is no hesitation on the part of New York City, New Jersey, Connecticut and even Pennsylvania. They are "discovering" Long Island. They issue forth on Sunday mornings, equipped with auction lists and picnic baskets. They flood the Long Island Railroad waiting rooms, are neatly cut into groups by persuasive salesmen and are then herded into cars bound for this or that development. They pile into fleet and luxurious motor buses provided by the realtors. The more cautious ones, unwilling to put themselves completely into one set of hands, use their multiple horse-power to thread the great highways that lead from one allurement to another.

Like a Promised Land

Just now the whole island wears the honey-sweet dress of a promised land. Azaleas lure the bees to every wooded hill, and elderberry preens its white frills for an early blossoming. Behind brick walls, iron fences and impenetrable hedges the famous private gardens of Long Island hold fragrant prelude to their Summer festival. New sails, still showing the creamy tint of fresh canvas, flash in every cove and inlet, and on a hundred golf courses knicker-clad or skirt-draped figures wander carelessly or march doggedly after absurdly tiny balls.

But these charms are perennial. Old residents have known and loved them for many years. Against this new invasion they build grim fences or reinforce old ones. Booms have come in the past and gone their way. This one is different, of course; any realtor will tell you so with all the indignation that confronts a sacrilege. This is "not a boom, but a legitimate development." And he will make clear the basis for his claim.

Shaped like the long claw of a lobster, the island is a hundred and some miles long, and perhaps twenty miles at its greatest width. If its coastline were drawn with a ruler it would have at least 240 miles of salt water shorefront, more than there is in all the rest of New York State. But the shorefront of Long Island is frizzed and curled and contorted and convoluted. It has as many bays and inlets and sloughs and harbors and bights as New York City has skyscrapers. For every straight mile it can show three of sinuous waterfront.

There are only 3,000,000 people on the island—on week days—and most of them snuggle chummily on the western end. Away to the east stretch miles of more or less open country, past the great market gardens and flying fields. There is room for may times 3,000,000, and it is undoubtedly true that Manhattan is out at the elbows and bursting its seams. The island, then, is the legitimate refuge for a crowding population.

But the fact remains that this particular development, however legitimate its roots may be, has all the surface characteristics of a boom—brass bands and auction sales, special trips and gala lunches, publicity limited only by the extent of fevered imaginations, and hoards of eager "prospects."

The excitement has rolled up like a tide along the whole south shore. Beginning quietly in 1924 with the electrifying of the railroad to Babylon, it swelled last year with the flurry in Rockaway real estate and grew with the building in Queens of square mile after square mile of houses with a strong family reserve balance.

Then an Aladdin of Florida real estate rubbed his lamp on Montauk Point, and the tide became a flood. Lynbrook, Freeport, Merrick, Bellmore, Amityville with its friendly name, Massapequa with its Indian history, Babylon and Bayshore—these and many others saw realtors scouting for acreage. The Long Island Railroad announced that it would spend $11,000,000 on improvements and new equipment; the Long Island Lighting Company proposed spending nine millions in extending its electric service, and the water company shouldered picks and shovels and went to digging trenches eastward for great new pipes. Engineers and architects moved down the island in mass formation and surveyors' transits were the most notable crop of the Autumn.

Signs and Portents

The preliminary stage has passed. He who runs or motors or rides the railroad may read the present book of the boom with little need for interpretation. All the realtors ask is a questioning eye and a listening ear. Signs and portents begin soon after Queensboro Bridge is left behind. The desolation of the landscape is broken by flaring billboards promising bargains and beauty. Fortune lies in every weedy lot and dump heap for all who will stop to be shown.

Lynbrook and Rockville Centre catch at the very tires, promising home and fortune. Beyond Freeport good resolutions tear themselves to tatters. There the imagination of the realtor, hampered in settled communities, comes to its full flower. There, almost side by side, marked out with a gesture almost magnificent, lie the developments which are to make Long Island "the Florida of the North."

Aside from the familiar markers which point out where each twenty-by-a-hundred-foot estate begins and ends, the highest great common denominator of all these developments is their canals. Ostensibly they are designed to provide "boating, bathing and fishing in your own backyard." To a suspicious mind other reasons appear. Two or three miles of land stretch south from the Merrick Road, low-lying, marshy, sliding slowly away to the silver sheet of Great South Bay. Not far above high tide mark there are wide flats whose surface soil still shows the impregnation of salt that has kept them barren. Canals, properly bulkheaded and cut to follow the lines of salt "creeks" and normal run-off, might provide drainage for such land.

Then there is the lure of waterfront property. Crimped and indented as the south shore is, presenting an amazing amount of water-frontage per straight foot, it can be made to yield many times that frontage with a judicious digging of ditches back from the bay. So for several miles inland it is possible to buy waterfront lots.

Imagination lingers on the future of these canals, painting glowing pictures of bathing beauties lounging Lido-wise along lazy steps, while on one side a fish at least as big as a tarpon is drawn fighting from the ditch and on the other side a racing motor-boat tugs at its mooring. A good sailor is presumably to be made by virtue of stepping on the property, and hence need never trouble himself with such distressing details as traffic rules on the canals.

Most of the developments are to have country clubs and golf links, tea houses and yacht clubs, all open to owners in the great adventure. Realtors are a democratic group. Theirs not to set up standards of manners, morals, profession or family. If a man can buy, he is, ipso facto a desirable citizen. It is true that some of the more pretentious developments restrict the types and cost of houses to be built, so that their communities shall preserve a certain standard of good looks. The simpler make no such undemocratic demands. Purchasers—and some do—build house, garage and boat shed in a single compact structure of pine boards on unashamed stilts.

All of them, be they high or low in the social scale, are gay sights on a bright Sunday. That part of the country has been fortunate in its series of bright lakes bordering the north side of the boulevard; now there are the new canals on the south side to lend their fingers of sparkling water to increase the enchantment. Flags whip gayly in the breeze, the road is jammed with parked cars, and "prospects" flutter helplessly into the hands of persuasive salesmen, who vary in type according to the development.

Managers of Two Kinds

The appearance of the development manager can almost be predicted from the appearance of the property. If it is a simple, hard-working real estate company that has subdivided a few undecorated acres, the manager will be a nervous, driven person, quick with figures and facts, depending on force and common sense to make a sale.

If it is a great organization planning a Hollywood or a Palm Beach, there is a different atmosphere. No wooden chairs and forbidding rails in this office. Wicker furniture, painted alluringly and upholstered in the season's smartest fashion, and a manager whose sport clothes contrive to speak at once of the links and the yacht. His manner confirms your suspicion that the enormous capital of the company is at your command, and that you are a person for whom all this magnificence is created. A confidential handshake for the husband, a deep glance to tell the wife it is her approval that counts and everything is prepared for the signature on the dotted line.

On the North Shore comparatively little activity goes beyond the New York City line. Flushing, with a new subway in its midst, has wakened to hectic building. The old Friends' Meeting House, dating from 1694, still sleeps behind its soft gray shingles; but a stern new wall warns passers-by from its quiet yard, and automobile salesrooms jostle it on both sides. Huge apartment buildings gaze across at lovely bits of doomed woodland, while real estate offices out of Grimm's fairy tales point peaked roofs toward a bright sky. Everywhere enormous motor

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All the Realtors Ask Is a Questioning Eye and a Listening Ear.

THE EPIC OF '76: THE ROYALISTS' PLOT

While the Declaration of Independence Was Being Prepared Foes of Liberty Were Busy in New York

Near Washington's residence in New York City, in June, 1776, was Corbie's Tavern, where Forbes, the gunsmith; Private Hickey of the life guards and Campbell, the shoemaker, took oaths on the Bible and plotted against the Colonies. Mayor Matthews acted more discreetly, but his sympathy with the Tories was manifest. Out of this situation grew the "great Tory conspiracy," the exposure of which was the sensation of the hour a century and a half ago. The same week General Howe dropped anchor off New York while Thomas Jefferson was putting the finishing touches on his draft of the Declaration. This article is the tenth of a series carrying the story of Independence year, week by week, down to July 4.

By R. L. DUFFUS

EVERY night General Washington rode home from his headquarters near the Battery to his temporary residence on Richmond Hill, which would now be described as lying in Varick Street, between Spring and Charlton. Not far from this house there was a tavern kept by a man named Corbie, and to this tavern, in June, 1776, suspicious characters began to come.

There was Gilbert Forbes, a gunsmith—"a short, thick man with a white coat." There was "a mulatto-colored negro, dressed in blue clothes." There were "Fortune, a saddler"; "Fueter, a silversmith, who was ridden on a rail recently"; "McGinnes, a pensioner with one arm," and John Campbell, a Tory shoemaker, who one evening was heard to say: "Damn the Congress! Who gave them liberty to raise soldiers?"

Finally, there were Thomas Hickey, a soldier in Washington's life guards; William Greene, a drummer, and James Johnson, a fifer. The three of them made a brave showing in their regimentals, but they seem to have been meditating dark designs.

The Guns Made by Forbes

Sometimes Forbes went to call on David Matthews, the Tory Mayor of the city; and from him, on at least one occasion, he received money—British money—sent by the Royal Governor Tryon, who was still residing on a man-of-war in the lower harbor.

Subsequently a creaking wagon, its load well covered, went down to a quiet place on the waterfront, and its contents were loaded into a small boat. The boat's cargo, as a contemporary account had it, was "covered with an old straw bed and two or three old chairs upon it"—a most innocent looking cargo for "a mulatto-colored negro dressed in blue clothes" to be rowing around the harbor. You had to remove the bed and the chairs before you came on the guns that Gilbert Forbes had made and that the faithful Tryon wished to hand on to his Tory friends on Staten Island or Long Island.

In Brooklyn an old British sergeant named Graham used to hobble around the forts and trenches, gazing with his keen old eyes at what there was to see. Later Tryon got information that might prove useful to an attacking force.

Near Jamaica a number of gentlemen were observed slipping out to Creed's Hill on clear days, as if watching for sails or getting ready to make signals. Strangely, they were persons known to be out of sympathy with the Colonial cause.

Disquieting rumors began to creep about. It was said that Tryon, from his safe residence on shipboard, was furnishing arms and money to King George's friends on shore—to Jersey "pine robbers," who would as soon cut a throat as kill a chicken; to misguided gentry in Westchester, Queens and thereabouts who thought George Washington a traitor.

The British fleet was on the way. It had been on the way a long time; but now, as June waned, there was no doubt it would soon appear. It was whispered that as soon as the sails showed off the coast the Tories would rise, destroy King's Bridge, murder the higher officers of the Continental Army and let the invaders into the city. Then those who had been riding Tories about town on rails would dance to another tune!

The plot seethed in a number of public houses on Manhattan: At the Highlander Tavern, near Beaver and Broadway; at Lowry's place, opposite the Oswego market (Lowry comes down in history as "a fat man who wears a blue coat"); at Houlding's beer house on Tryon Row. But it was at Corbie's place, apparently, that the deepest plotting was done.

The Great Tory Conspiracy Is Plotted.

It was there, most likely, that Hickey and Forbes put their heads together, after Forbes had first sworn everybody "on the book to secrecy," and conspired to kill or kidnap General Washington.

Unfortunately for Hickey, somebody swore and told. On the morning of June 22, at the uncomfortable hour of 1, some files of General Greene's troops, acting under orders from General Washington, surrounded Mayor Matthews's country home in Flatbush, pulled the Mayor out of bed and carried him off to jail. There he found plenty of good Tory company. If there had been newspapers of the modern sort all would have had an excuse for screaming headlines on the morning of June 23. The Tory conspiracy was the sensation of the day and of many days thereafter.

"Yesterday," says a letter written by a citizen of New York on June 24, "the Mayor was examined twice and returned prisoner under a heavy guard. We have now thirty-four prisoners, and many more, it is expected, will be taken up. A party of our men went over to Long Island on Saturday last to take up some of the Tories; they returned yesterday and brought to town one Downing, who is charged with being in the hellish plot.

"They took six more prisoners and put them in Jamaica jail on Long Island. The Tories made some resistance and fired on our men in the woods. Our people returned the fire and wounded one man mortally, when they called for quarters * * * Yesterday the General's housekeeper was taken up; it is said she is concerned."

All that week the hearings went on, some before a committee of the New York provincial Congress, others before a court-martial. The evidence, summarized in the records of the time, does not quite live up to the headlines. Mayor Matthews, though openly of Tory sympathies, could not be shown to have had a part in the plot to kill Washington. After a few days in jail he was sent on parole to Litchfield, Conn., whence he later fled to the British lines.

Poor Private Hickey did not fare so well. The court-martial that sat on his case decided that his intentions had been serious enough to warrant making an example of him, and on June 26 he was pronounced guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The sentence was carried out two days later in the presence of the assembled troops. It was the first military execution of the Revolution.

What was there behind it all? Undoubtedly Tryon had attempted to recruit troops among the Loyalists. From his point of view it was creditable that an American should wish to take up arms in the King's cause. Undoubtedly, too, there were large numbers of loyalists in and around New York.

But the records of the conspiracy are most interesting for other reasons—first, because they give evidence of a public hysteria based on fear, and second because they suggest that the patriot politicians of New York were not without cunning. The Assembly had resolved, on June 11, to put the question of independence up to the people. What could be better for the patriot side than to have this evidence of Tory perfidy presented to the public a few days later? It need not be supposed that John Jay and his colleagues invented the conspiracy, but it is rather likely that they made use of it.

Washington, as usual, remained calm and aloof, though he did take advantage of the occasion to show that the discipline of the Continental Army had teeth in it. He also reminded his soldiers that Hickey's downfall had been due partly to his association with "lewd women." He sounded the old Cromwellian note whenever he could and frowned on drunkenness, gambling and vice.

Hickey had been put to death because he had broken his faith as a soldier. But at the same time a new definition of treason began to appear. The New York Congress on June 21 passed a test act requiring every citizen when called upon to abjure the King and declare his intention to uphold the Colonies. If he would not swear his weapons were taken from him and other penalties might follow.

Four days later the Continental Congress resolved "that all persons abiding within any of the United Colonies and deriving protection from its laws owe allegiance to the said laws and are members of such Colony." Congress defined a traitor as a member of "any of the said Colonies who should be adherent to the King of Great Britain, giving him aid and comfort."

So what had been rebellion and treason in 1775 was loyalty in 1776, and what had been loyalty in 1775 was treason in 1776. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that some of the more conservative and slower-minded had difficulty in making the change. Certainly the events of the Revolution cannot be understood if it is forgotten that some people did have a sentimental attachment for England that was hard to break. Perhaps the nearest analogy is the choice that Southerners had to make at the outbreak of the Civil War.

The nearer the enemy came the more important it was to be able to tell friend from foe. And now the enemy was coming very near indeed. On June 25 General Howe, who had proceeded ahead of his slow-moving flotilla, dropped anchor off Sandy Hook, sent for Governor Tryon to come aboard and began to lay plans for the tidy little campaign that was to sweep the rebels out of New York, and perhaps put an end to the rebellion.

Why Howe Was Late

Howe was late; very late, indeed; later than either the Americans or the British had expected him to be. Why had he not come before? Why had there been a gap of more than three months between the retreat from Boston and the arrival of the royal troops in New York harbor?

The answer was Canada. Though Montgomery had fallen before Quebec, Thomas had died of smallpox, and Schuyler was discredited throughout New England; although Sullivan's troops were perishing of disease and went beyond Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, yet the Canadian expedition had disarranged the British plans. It had forced the King to send soldiers to Quebec and Montreal instead of to New York. It had given Washington a breathing space, during which he was able to whip at least a part of his army into something like fighting shape.

"It was indeed the hand of Providence," says Professor Channing, "that pointed the road to Quebec to Richard Montgomery and Benedict Arnold."

It is easier to say this now, perhaps, than it was when Arnold, cursing his fate, walked among the sick and dying on the Isle aux Noix in June, 1776.

But if Providence was actively participating on the American side, there may be something to say for the theory that she prepared a diversion that was presently to be witnessed in Charleston Harbor, and sent Colonel William Moultrie to take a hand in it. The week ending on June 26 found Colonel Moultrie still hard at work on his fortifications on Sullivan's Island, with the British troops on the island to the north, separated by a narrow strait, and the British sailors in the offing, polishing up their cutlasses and cleaning their guns.

General Charles Lee, who was in supreme command at Charleston, could not sleep, because Moultrie had failed to make arrangements for a probable retreat. Measured by Lee's standards, Moultrie was not much of a soldier.

"Everybody is well persuaded of your spirit and zeal," he wrote on

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WONDERS OF MAMMOTH CAVE OPENED TO THE PUBLIC

Over One Hundred and Fifty Miles of Famous Underground Passages Included in the New National Park

The Armchair, an Odd Feature of Mammoth Cave.

By L. C. GLENN,
Professor of Geology, Vanderbilt University.

MAMMOTH CAVE in Kentucky and the district surrounding it are to be preserved in a national park. When President Coolidge recently signed his name to a bill providing for the transfer of this area to Federal jurisdiction he set forces in motion which will make easily accessible to the public one of the most interesting and impressive spectacles in the world. Over 150 miles of strange subterranean beauty, so far only partially explored, will stir the admiration of increasing streams of visitors, when new roads are cut through and new entrances effected in this amazing network of caverns.

Thousands of people from all over the world have already gone to see the wonders of the cave. The old registers include the names of many notables in all spheres of life. They include Judges, Governors, artists, scientists, and even Kings. In one of the great halls Ole Bull gave a violin recital, in another Booth declaimed Hamlet and along Echo River Jenny Lind's voice once sounded.

Scientists have found much of interest in the cave itself. The fish and crayfish of Echo River and the crickets and other insects throughout the cave are all blind, though the position of their eyes is still shown by minute pigment spots. This degeneration of the eyes speaks eloquently to the evolutionist of the inherited effect of generations of disuse. In many places the walls of the cave are bare limestones, but in certain passages or avenues the roof is studded with exquisitely beautiful forms of gypsum that have been described as cauliflowers, celery, grapes, lilies and other fancied forms of vegetation. In places minute flakes of snowy gypsum rain silently down from the roof and make a soft white covering for the floor.

Here and there stalactites and stalagmites are found, though in general Mammoth Cave is not as impressive for beautiful and fantastic deposits of calcium carbonate as are some of the many neighboring caverns. Indeed, the pre-eminence of Mammoth Cave consists in its vastness—in its huge, high-vaulted chambers, acres in area; in its great avenues leading off for miles into the black unknown, each with its side avenues stretching away, silent and mysterious, and doubtless each with its own further branchings, if one could only have time to follow them out. To sit for a few minutes with lights extinguished in the stygian darkness and in absolute silence is a memorable experience.

British scientists in studying the average temperature of the crust of the earth had the temperature of Mammoth Cave taken and found it to be 54 degrees the year around. In Summer the air flows outward from the cave and in Winter it flows inward. Years ago, when little was known of tuberculosis, it was thought the pure air and uniform temperature of the cave might prove helpful in that disease. Several sufferers were taken into the cave, but the experiment was a failure. The stone huts in which the patients lived are mute reminders of their vain search for health.

The Power of Water

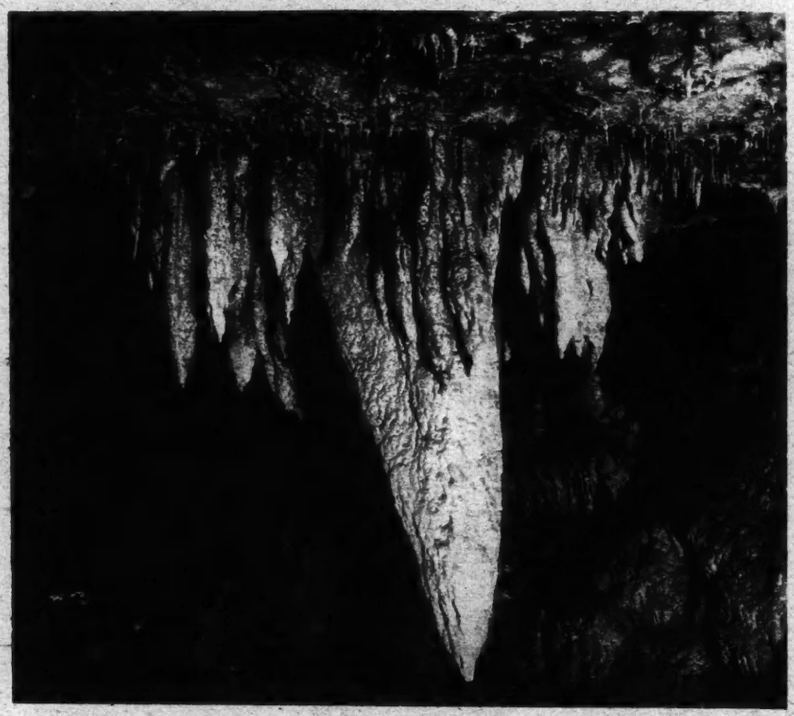
To the geologist the cave is a stupendous example of one of the commonest and simplest processes—the power of solution by water. The rocks of the region are very pure limestones that were deposited in an ancient sea in Mississippian times, or in other words, in the period just before the formation of the great coal fields of the Appalachian region. These limestones are some 600 or 700 feet in thickness and are many million years old. They extend from Indiana across Kentucky into Tennessee with an area of thousands of square miles.

Such pure limestones are very soluble in water that contains carbonic acid. The rainfall dissolves this acid from both the air and the decaying vegetable matter in the soil, and carrying it down through fissures and joints in the rocks, readily dissolves underground passages. Caves, consequently, may be found almost anywhere in these limestones, but nowhere have conditions been as favorable as in the Mammoth region. For hundreds of square miles there the entire drainage is underground. There are literally hundreds of caverns in the region, while the rounded surface depressions, known as sink holes, by which the surface rain water works its way downward, are numbered by the thousand.

Green River is the only open or surface river in the region and its level controls the depth to which the underground water of the adjacent country may descend from the surface. Green River today has cut its channel 400 or 500 feet beneath the higher parts of the general country surface. Green River, however, once flowed at about the elevation of this general surface, and, in cutting down the 400 or 500 feet necessary to reach its present level, it apparently paused for a time at some five different levels, each one of which corresponds to one of the five levels or superimposed series of channels in Mammoth Cave.

Where the river's pause in its down-cutting was longest, the system of passages eaten out by the underground drainage tributary to it was best developed and most extensive. Echo River, in the lowest level of the cave today, is the lowest and latest of these successive levels, but as Green River is still over 400 feet above sea level we may look forward to some remote time when it will have cut further down and when a sixth, even a seventh, or still lower level of passages will be formed beneath those we now know. The lowest level of the cave at present is about 300 feet below the original entrance.

Where the limestone, which generally forms the roof, is without seams or fissures—as it is in most parts of the cavern—the interior is dry, and there are no stalactites or deposits of cave onyx. This accounts for the freedom from danger of falls of limestone blocks from the roof, a mishap that rarely has been known to occur in Mammoth Cave. It does occasionally happen, however, in some of the neighboring caves whose roofs are much more seamed with cracks and fissures. The writer recalls one of the latter with an old wooden dancing floor just within its entrance, now falling to decay, that has been riddled by limestone blocks that have fallen from the roof.



Giant Stalactites Hang From the Ceiling.

Echo River Flows Through Mammoth Cave.

Photos by Eugene J. Hall.

Where water has percolated downward freely and entered underground avenues in the cave region deposits of cave onyx have been formed. These assume fantastic and beautiful shapes or else accumulate in great thick masses on the floor or attached to the side walls of the passages. In some places passages have been completely closed in this way. The writer explored a number of caves near Mammoth Cave some years ago for deposits of cave onyx. Much onyx was found, but the difficulty of sawing it loose from its attached position in the caves and getting the blocks out, not only to daylight but to a point of shipment, has prevented all attempts at its development so far.

In some of these caves the formations are extremely beautiful. While the caves in which they occur have been known for years, but few of them are accessible to visitors and rarely have they been explored for any distance, though many of them are undoubtedly extensive and probably are more or less interconnected. It was in an effort at such general cave exploration that Floyd Collins last year became firmly fastened in a narrow passage and died in spite of all attempts at rescue.

A popular legend, handed down for more than a hundred years, attributes the discovery of Mammoth Cave to a man named Houchins, who fol-

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COLLEGE CREWS AWAIT THE BIG MOMENT

Months of Grinding Work Have Led Up To the Struggles Over the New London and Poughkeepsie Courses

Hard Work and Long Hours Are the Oarsman's Lot.

Times Wide World Photo.

By ROBERT F. KELLEY

FOR the last few weeks scores of rangy, lithe young men have been as isolated as monks, training for two of the most colorful annual water pageants in America, which mark the end of the intercollegiate rowing season. Next Friday Harvard and Yale crews will meet at New London, and a week from tomorrow, June 28, will be held the regatta of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association at Poughkeepsie.

The background of these events leads back to a morning late in June in the year 1858, when two young Harvard students went downtown in Boston to the store of C. F. Hovey & Son. They were members of a Harvard crew, and, since the other crews entered with them in a regatta that afternoon were to wear distinguishing marks, they decided they needed something of that sort.

They emerged from the store with six Chinese silk handkerchiefs. They were, writes one of the young men of that day, "of a handsome red hue, then called bandannas and often carried by men as pocket handkerchiefs. We were shown handkerchiefs of many hues—blue, orange, green, yellow and red—but we two chanced to prefer the red ones."

The young man who wrote those words was Charles W. Eliot, known now to all as the President Emeritus of Harvard. Despite some argument, the occasion is generally regarded as the birth of the Harvard Crimson.

Six years earlier crews representing Harvard and Yale had rowed a race. The foundation of the oldest college sporting tradition in the country had already been started. Rowing, one of the first forms of competition, is the father of the lot of annual battles between various more or less ancient rivals that serve to bring back, two and three times a year, the Old Grad to the scenes of his youth.

This year the crews of Yale and Harvard meet for the fifty-eighth time in an official regatta, though there have been several unofficial races, starting in 1852. The official races are chronicled as having been launched three years later, in 1855.

While Yale and Harvard are credited with inaugurating rowing in the colleges, it was not long before others followed this lead. In 1871 the Rowing Association of American Colleges was formed, at one time numbering sixteen members. The rising cost of equipment (for rowing is about the most expensive sport indulged in by colleges), together with the difficulty of finding proper waterways, has cut down this figure. Today only about fifteen seats of learning maintain rowing as a major sport.

In 1895 the present Intercollegiate Rowing Association was formed, and the Poughkeepsie regattas began. Cornell, Columbia, Pennsylvania and Syracuse were in this association, and still are in it; but the number of invited crews has increased, until this season there are four "outsiders" in competition.

Final Test of the Oarsman

Rowing, then, has narrowed to two main objectives, the Yale and Harvard race on the Thames and the association's regatta on the Hudson at Poughkeepsie. All effort in the long grind of oarsmen is centred in these two affairs. True, there are earlier races at shorter distances, two miles and under; but these are all concluded by the first of June, when the final drive gets under way.

Defeat may come in any of those earlier races. There may be early times of heartbreaking discouragement. All that is swept overboard in June, and the decks are cleared for that last twenty minutes of grueling work on which the success or failure of a season is based.

Two months of outdoor rowing in the Fall; three months or so of dull, uninspiring work on machines in gymnasiums during the Winter; almost another full three months of rowing in the Spring—day after day of swinging together, the steady voice of the coach rasping through a megaphone from the launch that pursues up and down the river, like a terrier harrying a catch. And, at the end, a few brief minutes, when the leash is cast off and the men in the boat are out their "on their own," fighting to see whether or not it has all been in vain.

There is no glory to speak of. There are no All-American teams in rowing; no big numbers for banked thousands to use in picking out a star. There are, as a matter of fact, no stars in rowing, for a man, when he stands out from the others, is committing a grave fault. There is no sport where team work, spotless and with each man fitting absolutely in with the others, plays a greater part than it plays in sweep rowing.

But of course there is more, far more, to the thing than those twenty minutes that the crowds on the river banks see.

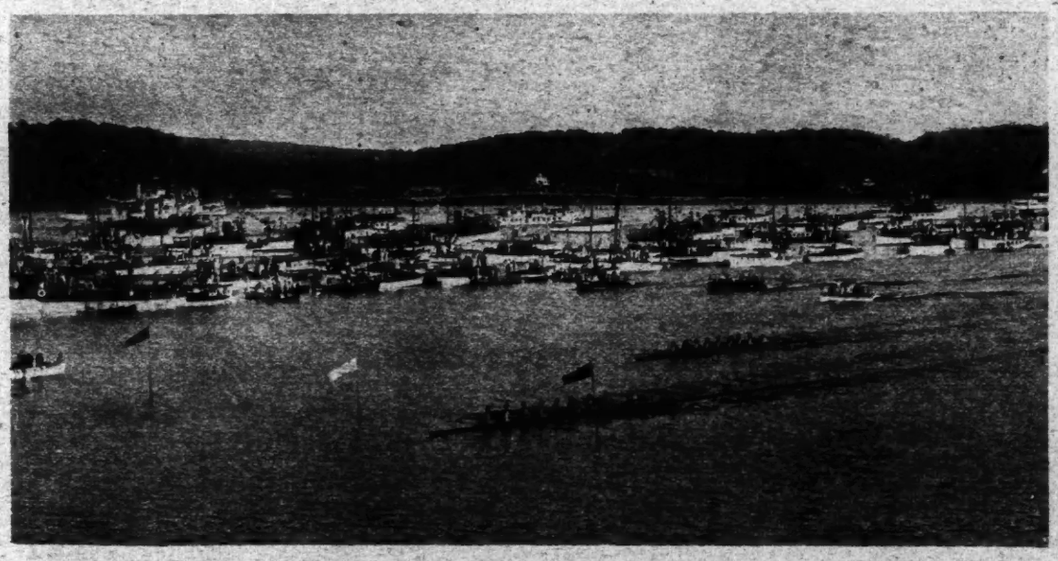
Nowhere else in the Eastern United States today can you find a place in which real color and a sense of tradition, of continuity, are stronger or more interesting than at New London and at Poughkeepsie during the few days leading up to and including race day. It is hard to explain, this atmosphere that is so real and strong as to make itself felt at once for even the most casual and uninformed visitor.

The atmosphere is more potent than at the big football games of the Fall. This is due, perhaps, to the fact that the races are held in small towns. The important football games are, for the most part, held in large cities, where inevitably, dwell many to whom, on the night before, the morrow is only the morrow. But in New London or Poughkeepsie the morrow is race day—the biggest day of the year.

The cleaning up of the early-season races usually coincides with the cleaning up of studies. The crew squads, with their coaches and handlers, get ready to move to the scene of the great event. The shells are stripped of their outriggers, so that nothing but the long, snaky hulls themselves remain. Oars, carefully wrapped in gunny sacking, are laid in long, coffinlike boxes. Managers and assistant managers move about the boathouse in an abstracted fashion, wondering where they have left the train tickets or why that truckman doesn't show up to take the boats along.

Somehow, though, things always get off in time. The last shell departs stationward, watched over by an assistant manager or two, sitting precariously on the top of the truck with one hand on the shell. The truck turns the corner, and the manager takes one more look about the boathouse. There is nothing left save the old shells of other days, and their sweeps; boats that have made the journey in the past and sleep now on their racks, taken out only now and again by some practice crew. The manager's footsteps sound hollowly on the concrete floor of the house. He pauses, perhaps, for a moment or so, before locking the door, for managers, by the time they start for training quarters, are as a rule newly made graduates, and this will be the last time they will be locking the boathouse.

The crews, then, as June approaches, go into quarters near the future scene of action. A big crimson banner breaks out in the wind at Red Top; a blue one flies at Gales Ferry. Hotels and boarding houses are also filling at Poughkeepsie, and the row of sheds along the west bank of the Hudson begins to show signs of life, with here and there a slim, white motor launch tied up at a float. High up on the cliffs, behind boathouse row, painted numerals of other classes again begin to attract attention. Columbia's freshmen started that practice years ago, and Penn and the others have taken it up, so that the colors of the various universities shine out in the sunlight in figures three feet high.



Part of the Stirring Spectacle Is the Fleet Anchored at the Finish Line in the Thames, New London.

Times Wide World Photo.

The Daily Routine

The crews are up early each morning, and at about 10 o'clock they go out for a row. The afternoon is spent in reading or writing letters, and when the shadows begin to lengthen on the waters they walk their shells out of the shed and go out for a second spin.

This is the more important spin of the day, for the races themselves—the big ones—are rowed when the day has begun to die, and a good many of them are not finished until night has stepped forward and begun to darken the waters. Wind and water conditions are best at twilight.

Next comes supper, prepared in the back by the colored chef, who has no doubt been cooking meals in training quarters since long before these boys were born. Afterward a launch may start for the town, bearing a rigger and some of the managers, bound for the movies, but the oarsmen stay at home, and at 10 o'clock only the landing lamps on the float show any evidence of life in the camp. Revelers returning from the city dock their launch gently, whispering orders and tiptoe into quarters. Another day nearer to the day of days, nearer to that fateful twenty minutes.

This routine goes on for two or

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CANADA'S 'MOUNTIES' CARRY LAW TO ARCTIC

"Get Your Man" Is Still Their Watchword, But They Use Dogs Instead of Horses in the Dreary Wastes That Lie North of the Northern Lights — Stories Gleaned From Official Reports

Canadian Mounted Police Patrol Many Desolate Stretches Like This in Baffin Land.

By GEORGE MacADAM

THE "Mounties" are recovering their old-time glory. Once again they are policing a frontier, lone symbols of the authority of a Government many, many miles distant.

Back in the rough-and-tumble pioneer days the Royal Northwest Mounted Police was organized, its bailiwick the new territories acquired by Canada from the Hudson Bay Company. The mounted man, clad in scarlet coat, brought law and order to Indian and to fur trader, to cattle ranch and to mining camp. A six-shooter backed by nerve; more often sheer nerve with the six-shooter in the holster! No body of men established finer traditions.

About the time the centuries were changing Canada lost its Western frontier; civilization had spread from the Great Lakes across the prairies, across the Rockies, to the Pacific. The old task of the "Mounties" was gone.

In the old days the Royal Northwest Mounted Police had headquarters at Regina, Sask. Since 1920 the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have maintained headquarters at Ottawa, Ontario. Reorganized to fit changed times, it became a Federal force whose duties included secret service work; running down smugglers, moonshiners, traffickers in narcotics and undesirable aliens—and the maintenance of order during labor disturbances. All of it essential work, all of it work requiring nerve, but none of it having the picturesque halo that surrounded the old-time "Mountie" who rode prairie and mountain trail.

Canada, however, still has a frontier, thousands of miles of frontier—a wilderness upon which the white man has made only a faint mark, a wilderness sparsely peopled by men of the Stone Age armed with twentieth century firearms, a wilderness where Nature must be faced in her roughest moods. This frontier is the Arctic hinterland of Canada, and here recent years have brought the "Mounties" in steadily increasing numbers.

As far back as 1903 the first police posts were established among the Eskimos. In that year two patrols were made, one to establish a post on Hudson Bay and another to establish a post in the delta of the Mackenzie River, some hundreds of miles within the Arctic Circle. Seventeen years later the number of detachments in the Far North had been increased only three. But four years after that there were twenty detachments of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police patrolling Arctic regions.

Lying due north of Labrador, across Hudson Strait, is Baffin Land. There are two posts on this island, which stretches a thousand miles from south to north. Beyond Baffin Land is North Devon Island. Here there is another post. Beyond North Devon Island is Ellesmere Island. Here there is still another post. It is in latitude 76 degrees 10 seconds, 1,500 miles north of the Northern Lights—to see them it is really necessary to look south. A sub-post has been established 200 miles further north. This sub-post is only about 600 miles from the North Pole itself!

Posts in the Far North

The string of posts on the three great islands that form the eastern face of the Canadian Arctic archipelago is far beyond the "farthest north" reached by many famous explorers. Lands brought into prominence by Franklin, Ross, Parry, McClure, lands hallowed by the bones of brave navigators, are patrolled by unsung peace officers. What to the explorer was a dash for glory, to the "Mountie" is all in the day's work.

It is something of a misnomer to call the men of these Arctic detachments "Mounties." The saddle horse, the "Mountie's" inseparable companion on patrol in the old days, has been left behind him; in the Arctic he drives a dog team. Here are some figures that tell of the change coming over the Royal Canadian Mounted Police: In 1920 the force had 845 saddle horses and 113 dogs; four years later the number of saddle horses had decreased to 382 and the number of dogs had increased to 221.

The scarlet coat and the broad-brimmed felt hat are still the official uniform, but are worn outdoors during a considerable part of the year. "Sealskin parkas with closed front over duffle parka is the Winter clothing for the upper part of the body, and sealskin pants and boots with duffle inside for the lower part of the body."

Cold, darkness, desolation, monotony, hardship and danger! One can understand the fur trader or the gold prospector facing all these, for there is the lure of the big winning; but how can the authorities at Ottawa get men at a flat rate of a few dollars per day?

Duty is a splendid word, and it is good to get proof here and there—in the acts of firemen in a burning building, in the service of "Mounties" in the Arctic wilderness—that the word has not lost for all men its old-time significance.

For utter bleakness, take the story of the post on Ellesmere Island, as written in the official report of 1923:

"Inspector Wilcox and his party spent a lonely Winter at Craig Harbor; the Arctic left them on Aug. 28, 1922, and they had no intercourse with the outside world until the ship returned on Aug. 6, 1923. * * * At present no Eskimos lived in the vicinity. * * * Inspector Wilcox remarks:

"'The sun was last seen on Oct. 25 and did not again appear until Feb. 13, a period of 109 days of darkness and intense cold. Severe blizzards were frequent, and during January the wind blew for twenty-one days without a break, at times with the violence of a gale; a comprehensive idea of the winds of this region can be gained from the fact that during a period of 304 days the wind blew strongly for 221 days, frequently compelling the men to remain indoors for days at a time. The coldest temperature recorded was 51 degrees below zero in March, during which month the temperature averaged 35 degrees below, the coldest month of the year.

"'Patrols were sent out to a distance of about seventy-five miles; the scarcity of dogs, which was general in that part of the Arctic, caused these to be made on foot. The discipline was excellent, and the men cheerful throughout.'"

It is usual for the men of a detachment to make patrols that aggregate two or three thousand miles in the course of twelve months. Some detachments have covered more than 4,000 miles. It is not exceptional for an officer to travel from 200 to 400 miles in a single patrol.

The longest patrol was made by Staff Sergeant Clay and Constable Cornelius, who left the post at Tree River, near Cape Barrow, and came out overland, reaching Fort MacPherson. The distance traversed was 1,040 miles, of which 560 were with dogs and 480 by boat. The men started on March 15 and reached their destination on June 22. Various delays were experienced. At one time the shortage of supplies, particularly dog food, was so acute that they had to go to Willow Lake, about forty miles away, and spend nearly a month fishing and hunting. The Mackenzie River was unusually late in breaking up, and unusual difficulties and mishaps were encountered, these including the destruction by a forest fire of a cache containing most of their outfit and the temporary loss of their boat by an ice jam.

Effect of Bitter Cold

Inspector Wood, who made a patrol from Herschel Island to Aklavik in the month of February, reported: "There was nothing unusual on the patrol except the exceptionally cold weather, which was hard on the dogs, affecting their lungs and making them bleed at the mouth."

Constable Paquet, between March 10 and May 7, 1922, made a patrol of about 900 miles, traveling north from Chesterfield Inlet, Hudson Bay, in the course of which he visited the camp of Knud Rasmussen, the Arctic explorer, on an island near the southern end of Melville Peninsula. Just as a sidelight on the possibilities of travel, even Summer travel, in the Hudson Bay region: That same year Eskimos reported that they had found the skeletons of three white men and a boat on the shores of Coats Island.

On the north shore of Baffin Land, about 400 miles north of the island on which Knud Rasmussen made his Winter camp, is a R. C. M. P. post known as Ponds Inlet. Staff Sergeant Joy left the post on March 5, with an Eskimo and a team of fourteen dogs, "to see if it were possible to communicate with the Ellesmere Island detachment," the plan being to cross Lancaster Sound on the ice, cross North Devon Island, cross Jones Sound on the ice, and thence back to Ponds Inlet by the same

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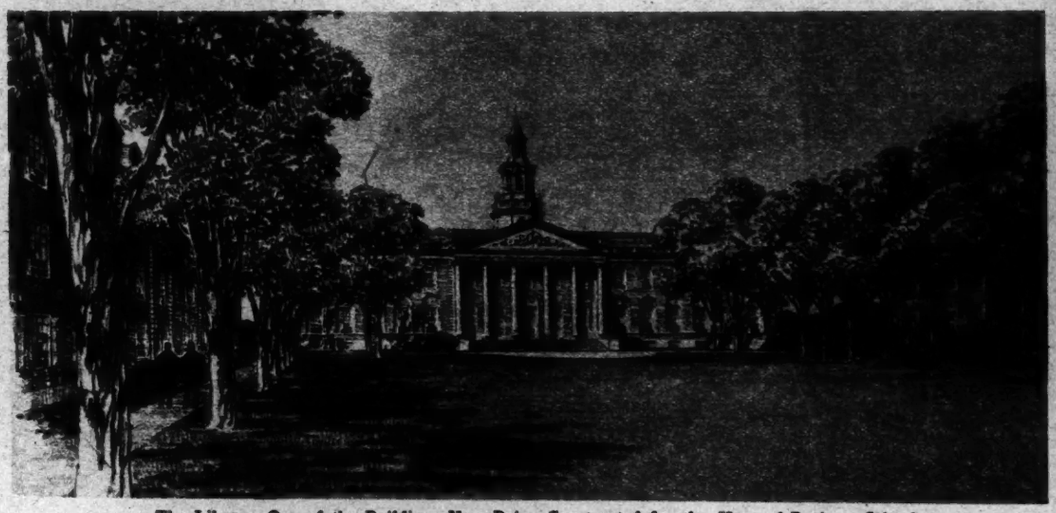
A Police Post in the Far North—The Interior of Fort Churchill.

OLD HARVARD DRESSES FOR THE FUTURE

Her New Buildings Are To Conform to the Structures of Early Days



The Library, One of the Buildings Now Being Constructed for the Harvard Business School.

By H. I. BROCK

THE sense of beauty that the original New Englander was supposed to regard as the Devil's selectest instrument of deep damnation is now with almost religious fervor depended upon by many of the New Englander's descendants to save this country for civilization. The days when we did not mind being ugly if only we were good are past. Particularly our colleges, which used to affect a utilitarian plainness of architectural aspect, are now almost as exotically dressed up as are our women. Only Harvard had, until recently, escaped the exterior esthetic urge. Now even Harvard has become so aware of the offense inflicted on the sensitive eye by the hodge-podge of buildings in her cherished Yard, that she is getting herself fixed up.

Probably because she did not get started sooner, Harvard is not going into Gothic like her rivals, Yale and Princeton, who are by now extremely dressy in their "period" European clothes. It may be only her innate conservatism. At any rate, all the many things now being done at Harvard, and most things planned, are more or less in the manner of the oldest buildings—Massachusetts, Hollis, Stoughton, Harvard — which are American Georgian of a severe type. Back of Hollis and Stoughton in the Yard have already been completed two smaller harmonizing dormitories, which Harvard men call "the pups." They are for senior students and are named Mower and Lionel.

One of the Business School Group—The Faculty Club.

In the second name is a story. It is a tribute to an English member of the family of John Harvard. Lionel de Jersey Harvard came over to this side to college and was graduated with the class of '15. He went at once into a British training camp and was gazetted second lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards. He was promptly sent to the front, commanded the King's Company and was promoted Captain in March, 1918. A week later he was killed in action at Boisleux-au-Mont.

Two other buildings complete the recent additions to the Yard proper. One is Lehman Hall, the new Administration Building, which carries out Georgian suggestions very agreeably. The other is Straus Hall, just being finished. It stands to the west and south of Massachusetts Hall, the oldest of the existing Harvard buildings. Dating from 1720, Massachusetts is architecturally much the best of the older dormitories; and the new Straus Hall, though on a larger scale, is built in a simple conforming style that will make it in time fit in excellently with its elder brethren. All of the buildings so far mentioned are of brick.

In order to bring the Old Yard (the part northwest of University Hall) into really adequate harmony, it will be necessary to do somewhat drastic things to Weld and Thayer Halls, both dating from the '70s and characterized by the total lack of architectural quality that belonged preeminently to that period. They are the more offensive in that they stand on either side of the very fine University Hall, built by Charles Bulfinch in 1815, at a time when many admirable houses were being planned and erected all over the country.

Here enters the French influence, which, with the more directly classical motive, was then powerfully encouraged by Mr. Jefferson. This hall is of very special granite; the design modifies the severe Georgian of the older buildings across the Yard, but the general harmony is really heightened by the difference in treatment and material. Gray's Hall (1863) lacks distinction, but might be worse.

Notable Offenders

However, it is the southeast side, or the New Yard that harbors the chief offenders. Robinson and Emerson, belonging to the beginning of the present century, and Sever, an atrocity of the early '80s, are matched in inconsistency by Boylston Hall, which goes back to 1857 and sports fancy round windows and a very bad French mansard. Enormous, out of all proportion to everything else, the mass of the Widener Memorial Library thrusts itself into this space. Belonging to what may be called the modern "librarian" brand or stackhouse type of neoclassical architecture, this big structure presents a serious problem to the harmonizers.

The combination of good Georgian —which, after all, is a classical derivative—with good classical stuff is a very usual one in American architecture of the early part of the nineteenth century. Pleasing results were often achieved, notably in the country houses in Virginia to which Mr. Jefferson added porticos. The trouble here is one of scale as well as of style. However, so far, there is nothing really good at this end of the Yard except the new President's house, built by Mr. Lowell. This house is well matched in its manner with the oldest buildings and yet has plenty of charm and a character of its own.

Opposite the Widener Library it is now proposed to build a new chapel as a memorial to Harvard's dead in the great war. Plans for this chapel, not definitive plans it seems, have been published. These show a curious arrangement. A Georgian type of main body is used—that is, an oblong with round-topped windows on each side, and at both ends, under the gable of the roof, a recessed effect with columns on either side of the recess. With this is combined a round tower, supported upon a pavilion of columns and set in the middle of one of the sides of the oblong—rather like the stack of a power plant.

The main body of the tower, which rests like a tank on the pavilion, is surmounted by a steeple inspired by that of the Park Street Church in Boston. The Park Street steeple has been much and justly admired; but it is difficult to see why it should stand on this tower, or why the tower should be so extraordinarily mounted and placed with regard to the body of the church. As already suggested, the plan is probably only tentative. If it isn't it ought to be, in the interest of Harvard's esthetic future.

Mower Hall, a Dormitory in the Yard.
From a Pencil Sketch by Kenneth J. Conant.

Buildings Outside the Yard

Outside the Yard, across Quincy Street, is the new Fogg Art Museum. This, too, within the limitations imposed by its function, has been made to conform architecturally with the original brick and stone trim pattern of old Harvard. Down by the Charles River, where there are already three big groups of freshman dormitories, they are finishing McKinlock Hall, another big group destined to the same use. In this instance the architects seem to have managed a particularly successful adaptation of the appropriate motives. Built of red brick about three sides of a court, it stands three full stories high, surmounted by an attic with dormer windows. The ends of the gables have brick walls rising above the roof in an arrangement borrowed from the old State House in Boston, though the lion and the unicorn that still adorn the parapets of the State House are omitted.

Across the river to the left of the bridge (the Stadium and Soldiers' Field are to the right) is the new Business School presented to the university by George F. Baker and designed on a grandiose scale, to take care of 1,000 students. This school consists of a group of two large quadrangles of buildings in American Georgian style, each quadrangle including two smaller interior quadrangles and a T-shaped court. Between the two quadrangles is a lawn rising by terraces—a little suggested, perhaps, by that of the University of Virginia. At the top of the lawn is a main building with a portico and a crowning cupola of the Wren pepperpot type. These buildings like-

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"PARIS BY NIGHT" IS A TOURIST MYTH

After Sunset the Real Life of the City Is Lived by Parisians And Cannot Be Seen From the Charabancs

By DIANA BOURBON

PARIS by night!" There is magic in those four syllables. There has been magic in them for centuries. It drew the Old World even before the New had been discovered, and it will probably continue to draw both hemispheres indefinitely.

Paris, especially Paris by night, has become a legend—one that persists in spite of a present French effort to kill it. The average Parisian is tired (so he says) of seeing his town the playground of foreigners.

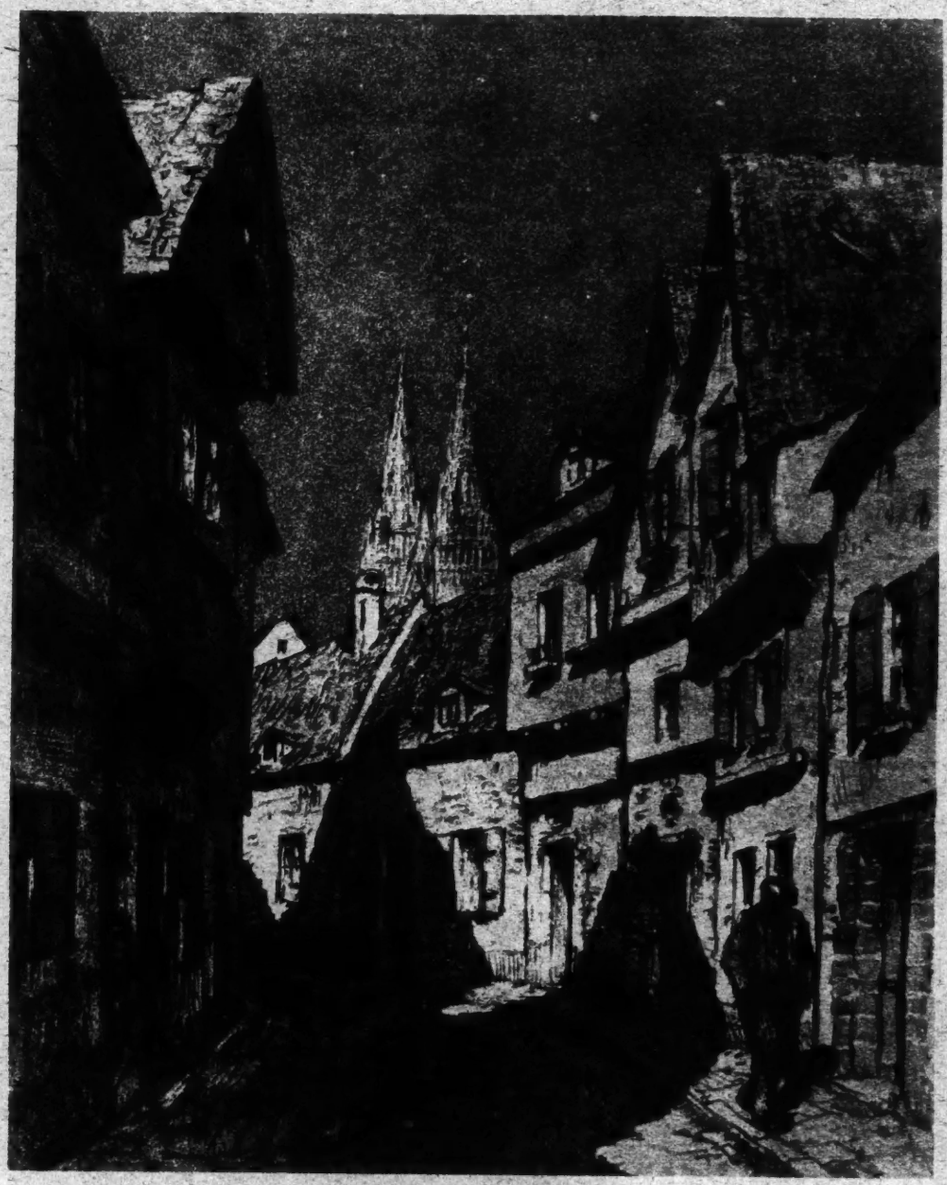
Paris, nowadays, may be not so very different, except in size, from a hundred other cities. The style, the culture, the light fantastic note that in ages even as recent as the last century she struck alone, have been everywhere appropriated. Montmartre (a name to conjure with) may now be, and indeed usually is, just round the corner in every other hick's own home town. The famous Quartier Latin may flourish everywhere save in Paris, where it was born. All these things may be so, but the magic of the four syllables persists.

Nothing can fill the place in the imagination that has always belonged to "Paris by night." What does it look like to the tourist who, fed on the legend all his life, sees for the first time today? What is Paris really like after dark?

A great city of mysterious, shuttered houses, rather soiled and shopworn since the war, that turn their noncommittal backs on the public street and face their own courtyards within. They may be palaces or tenements, tucked away behind an unpromising arch with a gate that is shut—at night. The truth about neighborhoods in Paris is that there aren't any. You never know what you may find just next to whatever else.

Here is a city in which all but the showiest of the show streets are sparingly lighted by a municipality that is usually more or less insolvent; in which a night walk is an adventure; in which the ubiquitous bloused figures in wide trousers might all be thieves or murderers in the half-light. A city in which "la chasse aux taxicabs" is the most dangerous and the most popular sport—played on two wheels, to an accompaniment of curses, and sometimes broken limbs.

Externally, Paris by night has much to offer. The people who take the cheaper of the two charabanc trips and just drive peaceably around the city find the great familiar monuments strange in the darkness. Gazing down upon the city from the heights of Montmartre—from the mosque-like bulk of the Sacré Coeur—they may find dreams fulfilled.



A Vista of Paris by Night, by T. F. Simon.

Courtesy of Schwartz Galleries.

It is when one starts "doing" the night life of the city (otherwise known to tourists as Montmartre) that the colossal joke begins. For Montmartre is full of people who came to see something else, and somebody else, and are seeing only one another.

Parisians say that at night they all go home to bed, and turn the city over to the freaks and the foreigners. But that is no more true than are the tourist imaginings.

There is something irresistibly funny about the more costly of those conducted Paris by night trips out of which all the agencies are coining money these days. The mere idea of setting out to see the famous wickedness in a charabanc is delicious. It threatens, in fact, to be delicious enough to recreate the vogue of all the "show" resorts that were dead for any but museum purposes more than a decade ago.

The French are beginning to take an impish delight in revisiting them, for the fun of looking at the conducted tourists who have come to look at them. Conducted tourists are to the Parisians a new and delightful sensation—distinctly more fun than the zoo.

It cuts both ways. If the idea catches on well enough among the natives and the fashionables the agencies will have happened on a gold mine and may soon be able to show their patrons the real thing. But at present the only vision they produce is Coney Island in variety. The famous or notorious resorts of twenty years ago were given over to the hoi polloi a little more recently, and are about as "genuine" as is the present version of the can-can, danced in one of them, as compared with the can-can as it was danced of old.

As for the resorts of today, it requires more than a Parisian and a lot more than an agency even to keep track of them. It requires one with a sharp nose for the swervings of human fancy. A new "boîte" is opened in Paris every few weeks at least, catches on, perhaps, flourishes for a couple of months, patronized by the élite, and then dies—to open again elsewhere. Or, if it made a big enough splash in the first place it is reopened for the foreigners. But what foreigners see there is not the night life of Paris. It is only their own night life that they bring with them, just as they bring their own gayety, plus decorations supplied by the management.

In fact, there are times when one comes to believe that night life simply does not exist—that it has never existed. The whole thing appears only a myth, created and kept alive by those who believe in it.

It isn't only the foreigners who go to look for night life when they come to Paris. French people who are not Parisians do it themselves and believe in it themselves. So say the Parisians, at any rate, and they ought to know. It is part and parcel of the life and duty of every naturalized Parisian, whatever his nationality, to take strangers about when they come to Paris and show them all the sights he never sees except when they are there on a visit.

The editor of a French newspaper said the other day that his cousin from the Midi had been in town for four or five days, during which time she shopped all morning, went to the exhibition all afternoon, visited the theatre every evening and spent the night and the wee sma' hours "doing" Montmartre, with that thoroughness that comparative strangers always display. She left her town-bred relatives a household of nervous and physical wrecks at the end of her stay.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the country lady, as she sank back on to the cushions of her reserved seat in the railway carriage and smiled weakly at her cousins who had come to see her off. "What a life you Parisians lead! How do you stand it, I wonder, every day in the year?"

"Do you think," the editor asked, "that she would believe me if I told her it was the first time in ten years I had been on Montmartre and my one appearance this Summer at the exposition? That nearly a year's normal allowance of theatres and shopping for all of us had been expended in her honor in those five days? Not she!"

Of course, we have all done it, that wild round of Paris. It was new to all of us once, and we hoped it was the real thing, or completely believed it was. We dined at 9 o'clock, moved on to a resort where a hundred couples strove to dance on a floor the size of a postage stamp, whirled to a second where people pounded tables with little hammers and drank strange vivid-colored concoctions; left it in favor of another and another and yet another, till 5 or 6 or 7 in the morning, leaving a trail of banknotes (even if they were only French) behind, and convinced that it had been extremely worth while. However worth while, it wasn't Paris.

Neither, exclusively, are the other, the unmentionable, aspects of the Ville Lumière. Such exist all over Europe, Asia and America. Only everybody is a little more careless about what he does when away from home. The town that is frequented by the most people away from home gets the worst name.

Even in the smart illegal gambling dens, within a stone's throw of the Opéra, where the jewels are like a show window in the Rue de la Paix and hundreds of thousands of francs are risked on a single turn of a card, the glitter is mostly American. The gamblers are Greek financiers. There is scarcely anything French about the place except perhaps the "bouncers." These resorts are part of the effort of Paris to appear the pleasure city par excellence of the whole world—in answer to the world's idea of what a pleasure city should be.

But if picturesque students are now too poor to live in the exclusive Quartier Latin and no longer sing choruses on the café terraces; if the apaches you unearth do not look like the apaches of Eugène Sue and are not met with where you expect to meet them, that does not alter the real truth about Paris by night—which is essentially the Paris of the people. The town is full of the restaurants where citizens regularly eat their evening meal with a slow relish and solemnity, from soup to grapes; of the cafés at which they sit afterward for half the night, sipping coffee in glasses, or a bock or a liqueur. These cafés serve them admiringly as back porch, salon and club.

Long before America invented a kitchenette or earned for herself the reproach of being a nation of habitual diners-out, your Parisian, to whom domesticity has always been a popular (if mythical) institution, was doing exactly the same.

The real Paris by night is his Paris, its physical beauty is his setting. The only lights that matter are those that shine on the pavement outside his own favorite brasserie. You will find him sitting there into the depth of December.

NEW USES FOR SPINETS AND BANDBOXES

Ancient Musical Instrument Becomes a Desk—Gay Receptacles of Another Age Popular—Choosing Pottery

By WALTER RENDELL STOREY

THE development by American cabinetmakers of a new form of furniture to encase the radio and the phonograph, and the effort of French craftsmen to create new designs for old types of furniture, illustrate the evolution to which home furnishings are subjected. Among the interesting adaptations must be placed desks reconstructed from ancient spinets. These now add a quaint touch to rooms done in Colonial or eighteenth-century English style.

Old-time clavichords, dulcimers and square pianos are often used for this purpose. All these instruments were early forms of what we know as the piano; but the name "spinet" has such a charming sound that it is used rather broadly. In the seventeenth century and for a time thereafter the terms "virginal" and "spinet" were used synonymously in England, although on the Continent a distinction was made.

The Bandbox Has Returned to Favor.

A few spinets were produced at an early date in the American Colonies, but most of the oldest ones we find today were brought over from Europe. Picturesque Geoffrey Stafford made spinets around 1691, when he was not fighting Indians in the Mohawk Valley. Fifty years later Gustavus Hesselius was building them in Philadelphia.

English spinetmakers such as Charles Hayward, a friend of Samuel Pepys, working in London in 1684, influenced both American and Continental craftsmen. George Astor, uncle of John Jacob Astor; John Broadwood & Sons and Clementi & Co. were other famous English makers of spinets, examples of whose work found their way across the sea.

The Original Spinet

In its early form the spinet was a plain, rectangular box, placed on a table for playing. When not in use it was kept out of sight in a cupboard. Later a special stand was provided, which gradually developed into attached legs. Then the spinet became a permanent part of the furnishing of the room.

The comparatively light weight of the spinet permitted the use of slender legs. Its tone was, like its lines, delicate and tenuous, with a quaint vibrating quality unlike that of any instrument today.

Just who the ingenious person was who first made a desk out of his old spinet we do not know. The idea of turning this ancient instrument to another use appeals to the imagination. For some time, now, discerning persons have sought spinets and had handy cabinetmakers take out the keyboard and the internal parts. Generally an extension slide is put in so as to provide more writing space. Often cubbyholes and small drawers are added. Some, however, prefer to do as little altering as possible and, aside from removing the keyboard, leave the instrument much as it was before.

In any event, one has a handsome piece of mahogany and a serviceable desk that carries an antique air. So attractive in appearance are these desks that modern cabinetmakers now produce excellent reproductions, with all the charm of a Heppelwhite piece. Sometimes, too, adaptations are devised, better to suit modern needs. Lovers of the old are inclined to frown on these variations; nevertheless out of such variations has come a new form of desk, its design based on the delicate lines of the old spinet.

In estimating the age of a spinet, the type of legs may generally be regarded as an indication of period. The maker followed the prevailing fashions, as did craftsmen of other furniture, although spinetmakers were loath to change their style as quickly as did the builders of chairs and tables. Thus, in some instances, a spinet may really be of later date than the type of leg might suggest. For example, the fluted Sheraton leg and the Heppelwhite tapering spade foot, characteristic of spinet design in the eighteenth century, are found on instruments made as late as 1810. The round-turned vase-shaped leg of the Empire period was used by some makers up to 1830.

Many other points have to be taken into consideration in determining the age of a spinet. To the expert the mechanical arrangements of strings and keys give also a clue as to about when the spinet was built. The name of the maker found on some of the old instruments, or if not a name, perhaps a registry number or factory number, may aid in arriving at an approximate date. The spinets of Thomas and John Hitchcocks of London never carried their name, but every instrument they made was marked with a serial number.

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AIDED by the vogue of Colonial home furnishings, the humble and almost forgotten craft of making decorative bandboxes has been revived. These gayly colored paper boxes are not confined, these days, to serving as receptacles for milady's chapeaux; the containers, in all shapes and sizes, may now be had for all kinds of things, from table linens to men's shirts and hats.

This return of the bandbox to the service of the mere male is noteworthy. Originally the box was one in which the fops of the seventeenth century in England kept their neckbands of voluminous lace and silk and their wigs. Not long afterward ladies took over the bandbox for the transportation of their poke bonnets and muskmelon hoods.

To be sure, for traveling purposes smart leather hatboxes have today taken the place of those paper-covered caskets of Colonial times. But the cramped modern apartment homes welcome small, convenient, decorated boxes in which clothing, linens, laces, ties and other bits of household and personal adornment may be kept. When a bedroom closet door is opened one may see neatly ranged on shelves these colored boxes, their paper coverings often suggesting the scheme of decoration of the room.

Among the new forms that these descendants of the old bandbox have taken is that of a large, deep, rectangular box, whose front is equipped with hinges. By undoing a clasp the front may be opened and the interior made accessible without taking the box off the shelf.

Bandboxes are used also for the sending of gifts, or to enclose one of those old-fashioned bouquets that florists now make up.

Gay Bandbox Designs

Most of the bandboxes of today are covered, as were the early ones, with bits of wallpaper. As then, the pictorial designs often show small scenes of pastoral beauty, with perhaps a lass and a swain strolling along a tree-arched lane. Paper with scenes in vermilion from an imaginary Japan or China, or a design showing English meadows with red-coated foxhunters in full cry after the hounds give a colorful and quaint air to a box. Papers of modern designs show skyscrapers and fountains and Summer houses; some suggest old wood-blocked linens or use patterns with brilliantly colored parrots or gorgeous flowers.

Cretonnes and linens and French glazed chintzes afford a more substantial covering than does paper; but paper-covered boxes with a varnish finish are durable bits of furnishing. A damp cloth and soap will furbish them up again when they are soiled, or they may be revarnished. For a very individual effect bandboxes are decorated with hand-painted designs.

That an elliptical bandbox without the lid makes an ideal scrap basket is another discovery. Stoutly fashioned of composition board, they run the gamut from plain simplicity to elaborate decoration and add a gay or rich accent to a room.

The bandboxes of Colonial days that have come down to us are ample evidence of the longevity of these apparently fragile things.

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THE Sesquicentennial in Philadelphia will be worth all the hard work of its promoters if, like its predecessor, the Centennial, fifty years ago it starts a new era in American applied arts. Among other milestones, the Philadelphia Centennial marked the birth of pottery art in America. Slow of growth since then, the craft has seen a distinct acceleration during the last five years; so that today American-made pottery has achieved an important place as a feature of household decoration.

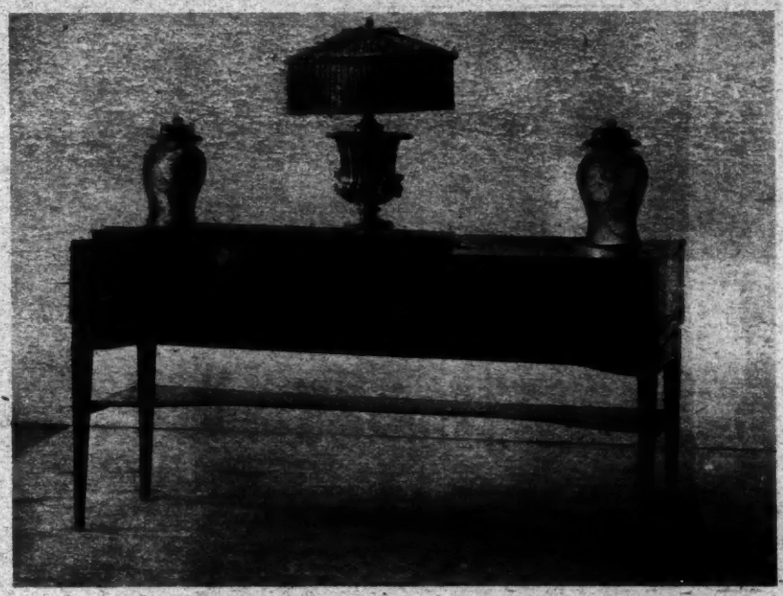
As one surveys the field of present-day production of pottery, one is impressed with its divergence from European models. The East—especially China—seems to have been the inspiration for this branch of ceramic art in America. With some noteworthy exceptions, most American potters strive for an effect of simple form, texture and color, the distinguishing qualities of the examples of the best periods in China.

The use of pottery as an accent in room decoration calls for considerable discernment. One must harden one's heart against the desire to place a beautiful bit of blue glazed ware in a room that requires a warmer note. Often a bit of pottery of a definite color is just the thing to bring out properly similar colors in other furnishings. Again, a vase or bowl whose color is in direct contrast to the prevailing tone of the room may be just the needed touch.

The shape of the pottery is important. A tall vase is generally out of place on a high chest or by the side of some other tall object. A low bowl on top of book shelves that are perhaps a little too high aids in giving a lowering effect. Slender pieces add to the gayety of a room, while pieces inspired by the more austere forms of Greek ceramic art assist in giving a dignified or quiet and reserved air.

An important pottery value is texture. Often it is just this hard surface, glazed or unglazed, that is needed as a foil for the wood or fabric in the furnishings. Pottery desk sets, or perhaps a set of book ends, may give the needed accent. A statuette, glazed and colored, may sometimes brighten with its high lights an otherwise dull corner.

American ceramic artists of ability are placing their work more and more before the public. These workers are blazing the way for a wider public appreciation of this important craft—which is a necessary requirement if the art is to flourish.



A Mahogany Eighteenth Century Spinet Lives Again as a Modern Desk.

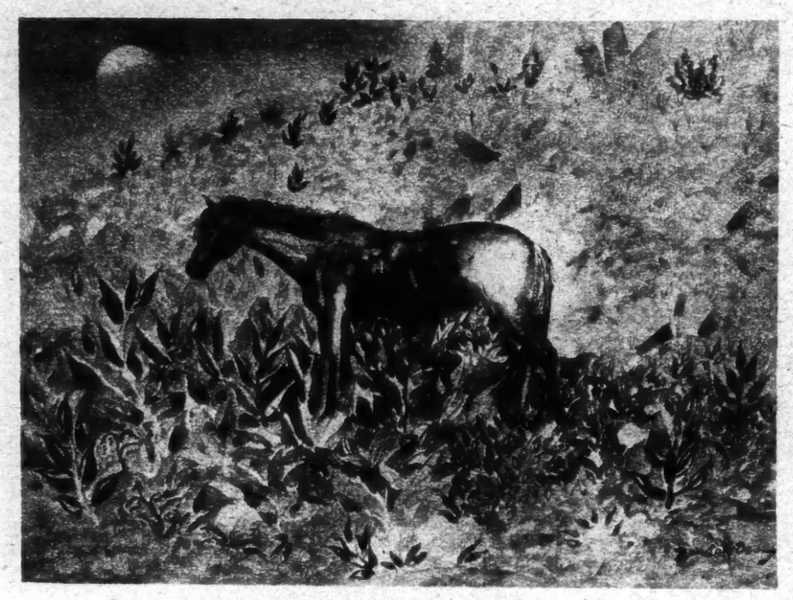
Photo Courtesy of Wilson Hungate.

The Work of American Potters.

Photo by D. Aronow.

A FAVORABLE SEASON FOR ART DISPLAYS

Galleries Continue to Charm the Lover Of the Beautiful as Summer Begins —Some Notable Paintings



"Mare in the Moonlight," by Randall Davey.

POSSIBLY because of the non-existing Spring and tardy Summer, art exhibitions are more than usually flourishing. It is quite worth while to be cribbed and cabined in town to have leisure for visiting galleries keeping open house the year around.

The Ehrich Galleries, established in their new home, have made it in truth something of a home. Mrs. Ehrich's objets d'art are as much art as the pictures on the walls. The shimmer of Venetian glass, the dull glow of American pewter, the well-rubbed oak and walnut, the vigorous design of embroidery and lace add greatly to the effect of the pictures, which take their place naturally, as though intended to be seen among just such surroundings.

The most impressive is a Morland, a picturesque scene with a team of horses dragging a cart uphill with difficulty, a man pushing from behind, another pulling from in front. At the left a group of men doing some sort of carpentry work out of doors. The inevitable dog barking in the foreground. The golden tone, rising to creamy white in the lighter portions and sinking to warm brown in the shadows, is varied by modulated greens of foliage and notes of blue in rocks and sky. The pigment is dragged over a thin underpainting, and the figures are drawn with swift energy.

A Painter of the Present

Morland's tact in composition, vitality and mellow color have been increasingly appreciated in recent years and today he stands among the painters recognized as saviors of England's reputation in the field of creative art. While others were trying to bring back the splendors of the past, he was devoting his brilliant talents to the present and to the local scene. Hence the genuine flavor of his work and its permanent interest.

It is useless to try to reconcile his great output, indisputable proof of industry, with the records of his convivial life and prodigal adventures. But in a painting such as this one it is easy to see how rapidly the brush performed its task, and the stories told of the artist, if even a third of them are true, indicate a brain sufficiently active to keep ahead of the most skillful hand.

A good picture by Morland is never a careless picture. He was scrupulous in his observation if in nothing else, but a past master in saving himself labor. His biographer tells an amusing story of his success in this line with the painting, "Gypsies Kindling a Fire." A patron, Colonel Stuart, for whom this painting was intended, called to see it one morning and found it far from completion. Asking when it would be finished, he was told at 4 o'clock the same afternoon. When he expressed his doubts Morland repeated his assurances. The Colonel, still obviously doubtful, said he would call at the appointed hour and went away. Morland had received no money in advance and was much in need of it, as usual. He began at once to consider how he could curtail the work. "With this view he obliterated several figures which he had sketched, and in their place introduced one in a carter's frock, threw in masses of shade and foliage, which diminished the labor, and by 3 o'clock his task was completed."

No painter closely observing a Morland with a few figures and a supply of those convenient masses of shade and foliage would find much difficulty in believing this and other tales of his prowess in turning off his work. And his compositions must often have gained by the freedom of the method.

Another picture in the same exhibition is attributed to Peter Brueghel the Younger, clever and candid copyist of the work of his great father, possessing his father's interest in deformities, echoing his Rabelaisian laughter at the rude mishaps of his fellows, but with little of his lusty appetite for the natural scene in its simplicity; and without the opulence of form that lent grandeur to the elder Brueghel's style.

The present picture, some sort of procession in a village, children like little dwarfs, rustics with grotesque figures, is not enticing; but under the deep tone of time the colors are those of a Flemish garden and the realism of incident records the definite turn of Flemish taste toward the contemporary subject.

A Flemish and English Group

A crimson and gold Rubens, a study of a mythological subject, buoyant and human; a portrait by Van Ravesteyn with beautiful painting of black on black and detail of gold embroidery; a couple of portraits by Northcote and a sketch by Van Dyke complete the little group of Flemish and English. There is also a Madonna and Child, attributed to Piero di Cosimo, in which the pallid color and conventional composition are given greater pungency by the amusing vivacious expression of the Child.

In spite of marked differences in quality as well as style, the principal pictures hang together psychologically through their variance from the convention of the period. Each represents a master or the influence of a master who chose his path for himself and followed it. Even unimportant examples, even examples like that of the Younger Brueghel, that reflect only the deep impression made by a rebel of original genius upon his followers and imitators, when traced back to the point of departure from the cut-and-dried fashion of the day, say something of the fresh spirit of independence.

The fresh spirit of independence has never been fresher in this country than at the present moment. It rather avoids publicity, without making a point of the avoidance. The chances are that Randall Davey's fine little watercolors in the entrance room of the Ferargil Galleries will add to the visitor's pleasure in their quality the snap of unexpectedness. It is much better for their delicate fame not to talk too much about them. Some of them have been seen before during the past season. Their crispness, daintiness, their subtlety of color and other merits have been noted. With more words it would be easy to make them a commonplace instead of a little event.

At the same galleries Hunt Diederich's recent experiments in pottery are on view. Brusque designs, full of movement. Galloping goats and blooming cacti, tigers diagonally swooping and cocks amicably fighting. Mr. Diederich made this pottery at Fez, doing the work entirely with his own hands from the throwing on the wheel to the painting and retouching. The glazes, he says, can only be produced by firing by thistles and olive seeds. It is such interesting and authentic art that the attitude of the custom official who taxed it as purely commercial decorated earthenware is perfectly understandable.

Plate Made and Decorated by Hunt Diederich.

At the Durand-Ruel Galleries one goes back to the hour in France when the Impressionists were the independents, offering a new ideal and a new technique, thus exciting laughter, scorn and horror. Here is Degas, with the Impressionists but not of them. A splendid study, the aged Degas père, seated, rather dull and very old, in the background of the composition, his secretary, very alert and bold, reading a paper in the foreground, accessories of furniture and books, in part brought to a full expression of textures and surfaces, elsewhere swept in with gusto of line and brush stroke, suggesting only form and color. No doubt this is one of the studies made by Edgar Degas in Naples on his periodical visits to his parents in that city. His father was born there, many of his relatives lived there, and for a long time he considered Italy his second country. In the current issue of the Bulletin de la Vie Artistique is a quotation from an article by Elio Forzi describing a number of these family studies by Degas now exhibited for the first time in the Fifteenth International Exposition at Venice, just opened. These studies were quite without honor in the family and only recently have been retrieved from the storerooms of the Degas palace, where they had been cast aside with some old furniture.

A Bridge at Sunset

From Monet: A garden subject painted at Vétheuil, where he was living in 1881, and a view of Charing Cross Bridge, stretched straight across the middle of the canvas, yet persuaded to beautiful and informal proportions by the light and color of a sunset sky, luring the vision to-

Interior—Watercolor by Randall Davey.

All Pictures Shown on This Page Are on Exhibition at the Ferargil Galleries.

ward the horizon at the irregular openings of the structure.

Pissarro: First, with a couple of peasant women kneeling in gossip just out of the hot sunlight falling on the adjacent hayfield, one of the later outdoor pictures just before an infirmity resembling rheumatism of the eye drove him away from the damp fields to the kinder and healthier town; second, with a Cathedral St. Jacques at Dieppe, marking this transition; the cathedral rather too large and gray at the left, embraced by a curving street and houses in which every charm of subtly modulated yet sturdy color appears.

Looking at the little garden picture by Sisley, with its greenhouses and its flowers and foliage timidly disporting themselves under the old-maidish scrutiny of a couple of tall, pale housefronts in the background, it is almost unbelievable that this tidy, correct painter ever could have been considered a disconcerting revolutionary; that his gentle color schemes could have been condemned as intolerable.

An Artist Who Suffered

Yet by Duret's account we know that Sisley suffered more than any of his companions from the violent prejudice against the Impressionists, and that he gave away his smaller canvases for 25 or 30 francs apiece. A restaurant keeper, Murer, furnished him with meals, and when these had reached a certain number took a picture in payment. This little garden was painted two years after the failure of his father's business and his first experience of poverty. This experience lasted until his death, but, with the intense sincerity of a profound conviction, it never occurred to him to change his individual manner, the calm, gay, unassuming manner that aroused the hostility of his unpleasant public.

Berthe Morisot — the Parisian beauty, some one has called her— who left the Salon for the unpopular exhibitions of the Impressionists, is represented by two examples, a small Trépot scene, quiet, careful, distinguished, and a lovely picture of a girl in her bedroom, just risen, her slim figure firm and justly drawn under its draperies. An affair chiefly of color and values, with occasional accents of line, there is not a square inch of dead paint on the canvas. The loose, delicate technique has a lighter charm than any of her comrades in the new school could achieve; air stirs throughout the color, blue and rose and pale gold, has buoyancy, lifting the mood. An adorable picture about which to build a room, as the French collectors of the generation that first bought Impressionist art delighted to do.

Landscape With Figures, by George Moriand.
In Exhibition at the Ehrich Galleries.

The Artist's Father With His Secretary, by Edgar Degas.
In Exhibition at the Durand-Ruel Galleries.

This habit of giving your special picture to your interior decorator as the peg upon which he must hang his color plan, and by which he must determine the character of the room in which it is placed, has much to commend it. Now that humble occupants of haughty houses have begun to resent the dominion of bare walls, it may be revived. It has at least this merit—it restores the so-called easel picture to its aristocratic position. The easel picture lays claim to no practical usefulness, but it can be the source of infinite well-being. To move hearts and calm perturbed spirits is not recognized as practical benefit, but what more essential to effective living?

Next March the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts expects to hold a large exhibition of the work of its members at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts in celebration of the anniversary of its first exhibition, held in Copley Hall thirty years ago. Later the collections will probably be sent to other important centres, following the very intelligent custom now thoroughly established of sending exhibitions on tour through the United States instead of depending upon a local public only.

The Boston Society of Arts and Crafts is the oldest of its kind in America and has held to a high ideal of craftsmanship united to an appreciation of the dignity and value of good design. It has laid special emphasis upon sobriety and restraint in ornament, and the undesirability of straining toward originality at the expense of sound principles. It has laid too little emphasis upon publicity, and in the present age this is the marvel of marvels.

Its ideal of publicity is, however, the most fundamentally just that could be conceived. To spread knowledge of its work not through words but through deeds has been its consistent method, and this led to the establishment about two years ago of the New York shop, in order to increase the market offered by the society to its craftsmen members.

In spite of the generally fine quality of the work done by these members, especially in the crafts depending least upon changes of taste and fashion for popular appreciation, the Boston society from its inception has been most refreshing in its readiness to criticize its work and point out weaknesses with a constructive criticism too rare to be denied applause.

In the annual report of the society, reviewing the past year, the jury, through C. Howard Walker, critic, speaks with no uncertain note concerning the need of ranking merit above sales, and giving due consideration to the dignity of the material used and withholding preference from a puerile material. "There are certain axioms," he says, "upon which the arts and crafts are based: First, handwork can always be superior to machine work and is unjustifiable labor unless it is superior to it; second, certain processes, by their inherent character, are inferior to others; for instance, cast work is inferior to wrought work. Stencils are inferior to drawing. Stamping is inferior to needlework. Each of these inferior processes can produce work of character, which depends entirely upon the merit of color and design, neither of which gains by the process but is usually crippled by it. It is therefore the duty of the jury to demand exceptional design in the work of inferior processes or materials." As a final hint, he calls attention to "the vast ignorance of some designers as to character, purpose and uses of borders, their relative proportion to the design within them and the relative scale and tone of factors in design."

This attitude on the part of the official critic is in itself almost a guarantee of good faith for the customer. The report as a whole suggests an unusual effort to develop artistic and industrial intelligence among the members of the society, the kind of rewarding humility and profitable discontent that sooner or later builds up such an institution on the side of its reputation for distinction in the work offered.

But while one praises the society for demanding of its members both conscience and intelligence, it is very important for the public to realise their own responsibility. It is quite impossible for art of any kind to thrive with an indifferent public, and it is especially important in a country to which all the countries of the world send their wares for sale that the public should take at least as much interest in the wares made at home as in those made abroad. Without indulging in the sentimentality of false patriotism, the true patriotism that buys an American product quite as readily as a foreign product of equal merit, and perhaps a little more readily, deserves commendation from every point of view.

Craftsmen Here Overlooked

A member of the society living in Paris recently wrote to the Secretary: "How I hope that some day not too far in the future Europe may have a chance to see what American craftsmen are doing. Owing to our nonparticipation in the Arts Decoratifs last Summer, they feel more than ever that we are a purely commercial nation, with no artistic products to our credit." The bulletin of the society makes the pertinent comment that many in our own country, with an awakened interest in handmade articles, know little about the very high order of work that is being produced by our own craftsmen, depending almost entirely upon foreign-made things to supply their requirements.

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LONG ISLAND'S LAND BOOM

(Continued from Page 6)

trucks waddle clumsily across the road like giant water bugs, making travel for the impatient a thing of tortured nerves and exploding tempers.

Farther east activity is more sporadic. Port Washington is turning O'Gorman's Island, beloved of campers, babies and phonographs, into building sites. On Sands Point, famous for old Tammany picnics and a new casino, another development is taking form. Oyster Bay is busy, though not blatant about it, and at Cold Spring Harbor the lazy old shipyard has given way to a brisk new tank station. Hot dogs, fresh vegetables and flower stands are the roadside's regular contribution to city folk who wander still further east, and once in a while a traffic cop appears from nowhere to untangle a corner that has hitherto know only the confidences of teetering robins.

There is a road that leads from Babylon to Farmingdale diagonally into the centre of the island. It is a wide road, but a bumpy one, unpaved and apparently ungraded, flinging its dusty carpet for straight miles through brush and scrub oak. Squirrels and rabbits, chipmunks and birds are its only inhabitants, and one seldom passes more than a single car in its entire length. On damp nights the fog stretches ghostly arms through its hollows, and on clear days the sun beats down with desert-like fervor on its unshaded sand. It is a road for a hardy traveler bent on a definite errand and anxious to get over it as soon as possible.

In the middle of that country a great patch of land has been burned over and is being plowed. Concrete sidewalks adventure into the brush, and geometrically precise roads begin here and end there. Realtors have come to the inland wastes, and their faith is of that mystic order which admits no difficulties and sees no drawbacks.

Who will buy? An ownership map of Long Island looks like a list of all the fourth-class postoffices in the United States. Long Island real estate is being sold by mail in Carolina and Iowa, Kentucky and Kansas. Seashore, polo and aquaplanes make powerful appeal to inland minds and many a man who has never been further east than the next town now feeds his dream of adventure by paying taxes on a bit of Long Island.

Then there are the "prospects" of the high power salesmen at work in the metropolitan area. Twenty calls a day, on Third or Sixth or Tenth Avenues, that is the stint demanded of a young man who sells real estate for a big corporation. Out of those twenty calls he will be thrown out or caught by a slammed door or presented with a rigid back many times; but some listen and perhaps one agrees to go out on Sunday, at the company's expense, to see the place.

Six days of such calling mean six prospects for Sunday and out of the six perhaps three go. If one buys—and usually one does—the salesman's salary is earned, and another owner is secured. It is all worked out by the law of averages, and only business depression or financial failure seems to injure "the game."

Meanwhile the island weaves its perennial spells of loveliness for those who know it not as real estate but as wood and garden, beach and dune-land. Birds flash in old forests whose oaks have been untouched since Indian days. Haunted houses in hidden corners seem to echo the footsteps of Revolutionary ghosts. Turquoise lakes bask among ivory sand dunes far from any road, and in the island's centre a vast tangle of scrubby brush gives shelter to scudding rabbits. Much of the land is jealously guarded by families whose eye for beauty is as sure as their social standing. Other plots are being held for parks where all may play but none may fence.

MOORISH MUSICIANS AT THE FEZ FAIR

FEZ HOLDS A COUNTY FAIR

Veiled Women of Morocco Wander Curiously Among the Booths of Farm Machinery From Illinois

By HAROLD NORMAN DENNY.

Fez, Morocco.

It might be—if the visitor closes his eyes against the hooded men and veiled women—a street fête in Montmartre. If he were to ignore the chatter in French, Arabic and Berber, it might seem like Old Home Week in any rural American county seat. The mechanical band of the merry-go-round shrieks and blares and bangs out the same tunes to which merry-go-rounds are addicted the world over. Ballyhooers proclaim the certainty with which one may win a magnificently dressed doll or a gold-headed cane by tossing a ring over it. Whistles on threshing machine engines from Moline or Janesville call agriculturists to watch demonstrations of the latest painless farming methods, and over in the field, in front of the grandstand, solemn cows, worried sheep and scornful swine pass before the judges to receive their blue, red or white ribbons.

In the Court of Honor

Yet this county fair—La Foire de Fez—so Middle Western in all its fundamental characteristics, takes place in a setting as Oriental as any perfumed garden of the Arabian Nights. Probably the lucky accident that the *mechouar*, the court of honor of the palace of the Sultan Moulay Abdallah, offers a great enclosure seemingly made for such an exposition led to its selection. But the old mud walls with their battlements, from which severed heads of rebels used to grin down on the Sultan's subjects, must have stared in disdainful surprise at the ultra-occidental goings-on in that sanctuary of Araby.

Historians do not say exactly how many centuries those brown walls have seen. Parts of them are relatively modern. Other parts date back to the time of the Merinidian Sultans who built Fez Djedid in the thirteenth century. They were hard and ruthless monarchs. One Sultan had the habit of jestingly slicing off with his scimitar the head of the slave who held his stirrup each morning when he started on his daily ride. And the price that those walls themselves must have cost in lives is beyond computation.

They were erected largely by slaves, many of them Christians from Casablanca, on the Atlantic Coast, especially sought because of their skill in architecture and construction. Others were blacks from the Soudan. When a slave died at his labor the others simply enclosed him with mud bricks where he fell and went on with their work. It was quick and saved material. For a long time the walls entombed a Prince, the child of the King of Portugal, who died while held by the Sultan as a hostage. Later his bones were removed and taken to Lisbon.

In this Place de la Foire, adjoining the gardens of the Palace of Moulay Abdallah, the old monarchs of the Cherifian Empire used to review their troops—huge black foot-guards especially imported from the south and bearded Saracens swinging curved swords as they charged down the long field on Arabian horses. There foreign envoys were received, and sometimes neatly strangled if they brought bad news. Here at the fair today, not far from an exhibit of cream separators, was the iron cage in which the chiefs of enemy tribes and countries defeated in battle were paraded before the populace to show the Sultan's prowess.

On the roof of one of the great crenelated turrets at a corner of the *mechouar*, beneath a flapping tent of red and green, and far above the clamor of the hawkers and the calliopes, one touch remained of the Araby of romance—a Moorish café with Moorish musicians. A score of Arabs of every age and degree were sitting cross-legged on cushions spread in a wide circle; at one side a servant making mint tea on a charcoal fire, and opposite him the orchestra: two men and two women with lutes, violins and a tambourine of blue fez pottery with a goatskin stretched over one of the open ends. As they played they chanted their rhythmic song—a song of passion and heroism such as is still sung by the Spaniards of Andalusia. One of the women was black, the other a wild-faced Berber.

They were joined presently by a third woman, beautiful except for one gold tooth. She entered with majestic assurance, haughty even though she was that most reviled of all things in Islam—a woman without a husband, without a veil and without shame. She was richly dressed in a long robe of purple velvet with draperies of orange lace. A kerchief of purple and orange was set far back on her head revealing jet black hair whose long ringlets framed her face. A huge gold plaque with sparkling green pendants shone in the middle of her wide ivory-white forehead. Her arms were laden with heavy gold bracelets and her henna-reddened fingers covered with rings.

She seated herself gracefully with the other musicians, smiled supercilliously at the tea drinkers, accepted a cigarette and lazily smoked it. Beautiful, and radiantly bad.

Down on the fair ground, in an open space between an exhibit of American sewing machines and the booth of a rug merchant from the Sus, were singers of a different sort. An entire tribe of mountaineers had come in from the country south of Sefrou to see the wonders of which they had heard. They were good Mohammedans and at noon knelt wherever they happened to be about the grounds to recite the prayer of *Dhohor*. Afterward, because there was nothing else to do at that hour, they gathered and sang.

The Picturesque Singers

Most of the singers were women—sharp-faced whites of the same stock as the Riffians and unveiled, as are the Berber women, however devout and modest. They wear tribal tattooing on chin, forehead, nose and ankle and dress in their finest, like any American country woman come to town. Gayly colored scarfs are wrapped about their heads to compensate for the drabness of their plain, flowing dresses. Around their necks hang long strings of silver ornaments, some of them made from French and Spanish coins, and a few have necklaces of uncut amber.

Barbaric earrings, bracelets and anklets of heavy silver complete their adornment. In long lines they face one another standing shoulder to shoulder. For each group of four or five women there is a male singer, a young, hardy, piercing-eyed shepherd.

They gather about fortune-telling machines and cautiously insert sous, punch the button and receive magic slips of paper foretelling happiness and riches. Why a Mohammedan woman should have her fortune told is beyond an Occidental, for it is foreordained for her in most respects from the moment of birth. And these women peep out over masking veils with amusing frankness at all the people around them.

Of course the great day at the fair was the day of the Sultan's visit. That, too, was illuminating, for he left his car outside the gate and entered on foot; an extraordinary way for the ruler of the Sharifian Empire to travel.

THE GOSPEL OF ECONOMY

(Continued from Page 5)

lished is required at the beginning of each fiscal year to set aside a sum for emergencies. Little reserves now build big bridges.

In April, 1926, the Budget Bureau cautioned all departments to pay bills promptly, thus taking advantage of the discounts offered. The statement was made that the classification of the United States Government in the commercial world should be changed from "good, but very slow pay," to "prompt pay—a preferred customer."

In contrast with the President's conservative manner General Lord's talk is filled with human interest. He talks of chameleons and cats and roosters and hunting dogs and watch dogs and plain pups. He introduces stories about schoolboys and cake recipes and revival meetings. Here's an example:

"The Director of the Budget had a fellow-feeling for the man who left three pounds of meat and the family cat in the kitchen. Returning there to he found nothing but the cat, looking innocent but unduly distended. He put the cat on the scales, which registered just three pounds. 'There is the meat, all right,' said he, 'but where's the cat?' I would ask those Government officials who planned to spend all the money available where is the reduction in expenditure which must be effected?"

And here is another:

"In pointing to what the Federal Government has accomplished in the way of retrenchment we intend no reflection upon the States and cities of this country. A rooster in his wanderings discovered an ostrich egg. With infinite labor he rolled his find back to his home pen. Calling his faithful flock together and pointing to the big egg he said: 'This is not intended as any reflection upon you. It is merely to show what can be done.'"

To the millions who listen in it may be well to mention that General Lord talks largely without notes. Perhaps the most impressive feature of his addresses is his ability to reach up into thin air, grasp a row of figures rivaling the Brooklyn Bridge in length and hurl them at his audience. When asked about this unusual talent he remarked: "Well, if I could not remember figures the President would need to look for a new Director of the Budget."

Continuing, he explained that when he began making budget speeches, he once told an audience that on Aug. 31, 1919, the national debt reached the high-water mark of $26,594,267,878.45. His hearers were apparently as much impressed by the emphasis on the cents as by the tremendous total. The exact statement down to the last penny emphasized accuracy. It also stressed the need of paying attention to the small amounts, one of the basic principles of the President's economy program. Now General Lord's audiences have grown to expect such figures and would be disappointed at their omission.

Tomorrow evening when the billions have been enumerated, the millions marshalled in, the hundreds of thousands assembled and the mere dollars added, the General will finally murmur: "and 26 cents"—whereupon a contented buzz of approval will sweep over the crowd.

Despite the necessity of driving home economy, General Lord does not neglect to give a full measure of praise to deserving Government workers. On this point he remarks: "The Government of the United States must depend on the people down below with a vision of service. Most of them are unknown to the public, but many perform a work of incalculable value."

Although General Lord's address may contain stories and poetry and praise, there is one central theme, and that theme is economy. When his talk is over so is the meeting. The President rises without a word to any one and goes out as he came.

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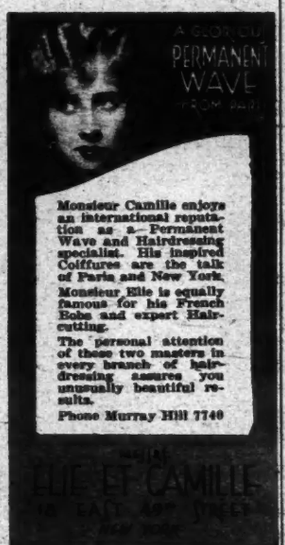

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CANADA'S 'MOUNTIES' IN ARCTIC

(Continued from Page 10)

route, a round trip, as the crow flies, of more than 600 miles in latitudes 72 degrees 42 minutes to 76 degrees 10 seconds.

Sergeant Joy and his Eskimo companion were gone forty-seven days and traveled about 650 miles, but they did not reach Ellesmere Island. Their unsuccessful effort was explained by heavy snowstorms—"one could hardly see the length of the sled"; wind that often blew a gale—"so we remained in camp all day"; large patches of jagged, tumbled ice—"they necessitated detours"; unexpected stretches of open water or of ice in motion—"forced us to take to the shore ice."

Ice in motion is one of the great dangers of the Arctic. If it begins to grind it can crush a ship to splinters; if it begins to drift, no one can tell when and where it will stop. In the same annual report that contains the account of Sergeant Joy's trip there is a note from the post at Chesterfield Inlet, Hudson Bay: "In March an Eskimo family, while hunting seal on a floe, were carried out to sea and lost. Early in the year another family were carried out to sea in the same manner but were saved by the floe drifting ashore."

An important duty of the "Mountie" in the Arctic is to encourage the preservation of game. The Eskimos are dependent upon seal, caribou and deer for both food and clothing. Unfavorable weather conditions have often brought hardship; they have occasionally brought starvation. But within recent years there has come another and a far more ominous factor.

Food Supply Vanishes

Conditions are changing rapidly along this coast, owing to the rapidity with which white traders are pushing along it, and the Eskimos, who a few years ago were armed with bows and arrows, and in effect still were in the Stone Age, now have an ample supply of rifles and ammunition. To some extent they are slaughtering game wantonly, being instigated thereto by the prices paid by traders for the skins, so that unless controlled, they may destroy their supplies of food and clothing.

Another ill effect of the introduction of modern weapons is a great increase in crimes of violence. Ordinarily, the Eskimo is a kindly, hospitable person; but so far as his morals are concerned he still lives in a primitive age. The killing of babies when food is scarce or the tribe is on the move, and the killing of those who, because of age or infirmities, become burdens, are immemorial customs. The presence of the police in the Arctic has undoubtedly caused a diminution of these abominations. In reports of patrols, particularly those made in remote districts, we still find "the absence of old people was noted," and other passages of grim significance.

Commissioner Starnes, writing of what he described as "this epidemic of murderous violence," said:

"A grave feature of the situation is the number of white men who have fallen victims to the violence of these people. In 1912 Messrs. Radford and Street were killed at Bathurst Inlet in the course of a quarrel. In 1913 the Rev. Fathers Rouvier and Le Roux were murdered on the Coppermine River, apparently out of mere cupidity. In 1920 Robert S. Janes, a Newfoundlander, was shot at Cape Crawford in Baffin Land, as a climax of a series of disputes. In 1922 Corporal W. A. Doak, Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and Otto Binder of the Hudson Bay Company were killed at Tree River in a very treacherous and brutal manner."

The "Mountie" has gone out into the wilderness of snow and ice, usually accompanied only by a couple of Eskimo dog drivers, never by more than one other "Mountie"; he has traveled hundreds of miles and he always comes back with his man. Take this story:

Sergeant Douglas on patrol found at the trading post of the Hudson Bay Company at Chesterfield Inlet a letter for him from the trader in charge of the Hudson Bay Company's post at Baker Lake, 150 miles inland. Two natives hunting for the trader had been murdered by another native, the murderer was at large and the native population of the region was badly frightened.

Douglas at once decided to go up the inlet to Baker Lake. It was midwinter. It took his two dog teams, each in charge of a native, a week to make the 150-mile journey. At Baker Lake the information was meagre. According to rumor Ou-ang-wak, living about 150 miles south, had shot dead two brothers and had appropriated the wife of one of them. The other Eskimos were so afraid of Ou-ang-wak that they were keeping away from the Baker Lake Post.

Sergeant Douglas resolved to patrol to the scene of the murder to investigate and, if the facts warranted it, to arrest the accused. But all the natives were afraid to accompany him. Days were lost in fruitless attempts at persuasion. He finally got together a party of four Eskimos (one of them insisted upon taking his wife along) and three dog trains. It was not until three weeks after his arrival at Baker Lake that he was able to start his journey south.

After nine days' traveling the party arrived at a native camp of two igloos.

"Edjogajuch, the chief of the tribe at the encampment, said he was sorry I had come. He was afraid that if a white man tried to take away Ou-ang-wak there would be shooting," reports Douglas. "This put the finishing touch to my natives and they refused point blank to go ahead another step.

"I had an igloo built and sent for Edjogajuch. I then told him that I was down here to see Ou-ang-wak and that I was not going back without doing so. I then suggested that in the morning he take me to the camp across the lake. This he refused to do, as he said he also might get shot.

Working Diplomacy

"I told Edjogajuch that I looked upon him as a chief in this district and it was up to him, either to take me to this camp or go there himself and bring this native Ou-ang-wak to me. He finally said that he would go alone and try to get him. I told him that I would wait here at this camp for three days and if at the end of that time he was not back or I had no word of him I should come myself to look for Ou-ang-wak. Edjogajuch left his camp and late in the afternoon of the next day returned with Ou-ang-wak."

Satisfied that the facts warranted it, Sergeant Douglas arrested the suspect.

"I then told him that he would have to come with me to the white man's land, as the Big Chief there wanted to see him. He asked me what they were going to do with him and would they kill him. I told him that I had no idea, but I assured him that if he acted square with me he would be looked after well and taken outside to see the Big White Chief. He at first did not wish to come, but I had another talk with the rest of the tribe and explained to them that they were dependent entirely on the white man for all they got from the trade stores, and that if they did not obey the laws of the white man they would not be allowed to trade at the stores and in consequence would be in a very bad way. This had the desired effect and the chief informed me that Ou-ang-wak was ready to start any time I wanted him."

Patience, tact and steady nerve did the work. Sergeant Douglas had maintained the traditions of the "Mounties."

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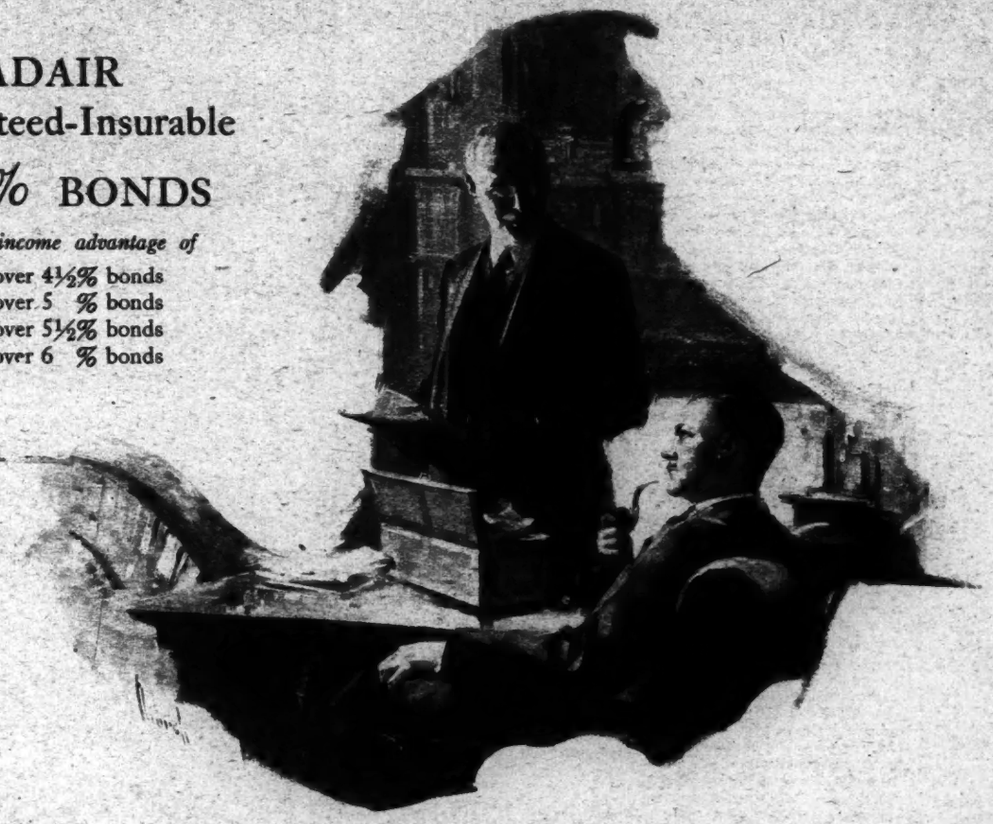

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3 years...	143.00	557.00	5,100
3½ years...	165.75	534.25	5,800
4 years...	191.75	508.25	6,700
4½ years...	217.75	482.25	7,500
5 years...	243.75	456.25	8,300
5½ years...	269.75	430.25	9,200
6 years...	299.00	401.00	10,100
6½ years...	328.25	371.75	11,000
7 years...	357.50	342.50	12,000
7½ years...	390.00	309.00	13,000
8 years...	422.50	277.50	14,000
8½ years...	455.00	245.00	15,100
9 years...	490.75	209.25	16,200
9½ years...	526.50	173.50	17,200
10 years...	562.25	137.75	18,500
10½ years...	601.25	098.75	19,700
11 years...	640.25	059.75	20,900
11½ years...	679.25	020.75	22,200
12 years...	721.00	978.50	23,500
12½ years...	762.75	936.25	24,900
13 years...	804.75	894.25	26,200
13½ years...	854.75	845.25	27,600
14 years...	898.50	801.50	29,200
14½ years...	951.25	748.75	30,900
15 years...	1004.25	695.75	32,500
15½ years...	1058.25	643.75	34,200
16 years...	1111.50	588.50	35,900
16½ years...	1166.75	533.25	37,700
17 years...	1222.25	504.75	39,500
17½ years...	1283.75	416.25	41,400
18 years...	1341.50	358.50	43,300
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D'ANNUNZIO AT HIS VILLA

(Continued from Page 3)

choicest volumes. A portrait of Dante dominates. On the table lies an early vellum-bound edition of the Divine Comedy and a Codex Bible. An Oriental prayer rug covers one wall.

In the dining room one encounters perhaps the most interesting expression of d'Annunzio's conflicting and varied beliefs harmoniously mingled. Spread across the ceiling is the ever-present symbol of patriotism, the red flag of Carnaro, memento of the brief Fiume regency. It hangs as a canopy. Mariners' ropes support the flag—a reminder of the sea, which has a strong appeal for the poet.

Against the wall are ranged images of Confucius, Buddha, various Burmese and Indian gods and a statue of St. Francis. This array symbolizes the essential unity of all religions beneath divergent external forms. An original sketch by Rembrandt of his "Night-Watch" hangs on one wall. On an altar stand further relics of the war, before a panel adorned with a scriptural fresco with Old and New Testament themes. Here, in striking juxtaposition, is a perfect expression of that mixture of reverence, poetry, estheticism and militarism which is d'Annunzio.

A glance at the bedroom and bath reveals the man in more intimate aspects. The sleeping chamber is carpeted with heavy rugs from Shiras, soft in texture and of subdued tints. In the centre stands a huge divan covered with tapestries. A life-sized statue of a Russian borzoi dog guards the entrance. The walls are stained a mottled ochre and are devoid of pictures. Two candelabra cast a flickering light. Some of the poet's favorite books are ranged in built-in shelves.

Just outside, in a little hallway, is the bathroom. A sunken marble tub with two steps is its chief feature. On a massive table with carved lion's-claw legs are ranged in perfect order the poet's silver toilet articles.

A few small libraries are the only remaining rooms in the house. In one of them is a shell that was fired at d'Annunzio's plane during the famous Vienna flight. Threatening to end the poet's life, the missile, he relates, severed a few wires of the machine and then, "tame as a little kitten, crawled on to a wing of the plane and stopped."

Such is the place Gabriele d'Annunzio has chosen for his ultimate home. It is curiously revealing, eloquent testimony to his tastes and eccentricities. Into this scene he perfectly fits. The sharply marked profile, with hawk-like nose, suggests an old Roman statue, and also a Renaissance medal. Experience and suffering, a life-long battle of passions, are marked in the furrows of his face. His body retains, even now, in his sixty-third year, a litheness, a sudden swift grace, a fierce energy.

D'Annunzio is a hard taskmaster to himself. As he told me of his feverish zeal for work (he is speeding himself on to finish three novels) I felt in him a strange, tortured energy, a ceaseless spiritual unrest. His entire nervous force seems concentrated now in his writing—a kind of ultimate fling at self-expression, at self-understanding. I thought of a letter he wrote me a while ago, in which he said:

The Menace of the Years

"I am suffering in spirit. I am tortured with the thought of death, the possible death of work in me. And so I write, now, without cease. I suffer, and I hate the carnal and impure in myself."

D'Annunzio appeared to me, as we talked, an anachronism—an Italian Renaissance type, endowed with all the creative force, flowing in many channels, and with all the ruthless individualism of that period. And yet he does not want to stand alone. The adoration of his countrymen means a great deal to him. He would like to think of himself as universal—cosmic in his art.

"It is a source of grief to me," he said, "that in England I am still regarded as an incomprehensible foreigner—and this despite the fact that my books have been excellently translated." In America, on the other hand, the poet feels that he has a more sympathetic following:

"It is natural that I can be more easily understood in America than in England. The American temperament has an agility and a youthfulness closely akin to the Latin and to the Italian point of view. Then I am convinced that liberty, which is dearer to me than life, is nowhere reverenced so much as in America. This is another bond."

He went on to discuss the young Americans who, as volunteers, took part in the Fiume expedition and lived through the ordeal with him. For them he feels a personal affection.

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OLD HARVARD'S NEW DRESS

(Continued from Page 11)

wise rise three stories, supplemented by an attic with dormer windows, and are built of brick with stone window trim and stone quoins.

It seems that in spite of the large figure of the endowment, the scale of the plans was so lavish that at the last moment money was lacking for the stone and concrete was used instead. This, however, is not out of the spirit of the period to which the architecture belongs. Often brick covered with stucco served the purpose of stone trim in such buildings, and the effect, with white paint on the stucco, is admirable. This is the treatment that will be followed in this instance. At the time these lines are written half the buildings in this group are under roof and the other half are finished up to the eaves.

Names Have Local Color

The architects of the Business School are McKim, Mead & White, of New York. The firm generally responsible for the architectural regeneration of Harvard—and particularly of the Yard—fairly bristles with names intensively associated with Massachusetts and with Boston. The firm's full title is Coolidge, Shepley, Bulfinch & Abbott. Coolidge and Abbott speak for themselves. Bulfinch is of the family of Charles Bulfinch, who was the first and perhaps the best of New England architects.

One member of the firm is a grandson and the other a connection by marriage of Henry Hobson Richardson's, also a famous architect, who came up from Louisiana, studied at the Beaux Arts and flourished in the North after the Civil War. He was responsible for Trinity Church in Boston, for Sever Hall, already mentioned, and for Austin, a more or less similar atrocity and part of the Law School. He also had a share in the New York State Capitol at Albany.

Thus both the New England tradition and the American architectural hereditary hierarchy are strong in the combination. Guy Lowell, another architect of the innermost Boston lineage, is on the board of the university. In no other institution in the country, probably, could a parallel situation be found. In almost every other case some outsiders would perforce have something to do with a building program.

By the way, one of the remoter but not less important aims of the planners for the Harvard of the future is the extension of the Old Yard across Massachusetts Avenue and Mount Auburn Street to the river. Already a part of the needed property has been acquired. With the plan carried out, there would be a vista or avenue all the way from Holworthy to the river bank. And the old centre of the college would be connected with the new river front of the university, providing an eventual scenic or landscape arrangement.

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MAMMOTH CAVE IS OPENED

(Continued from Page 6)

lowed a wounded bear into it in 1809. Like most legends, it is probably not strictly correct. A deed of 1797 on record at Bowling Green calls for the cave as a corner and it is certain that it was known to the Indians long before the coming of the white man. Evidences of Indian occupancy were found by the early white explorers and the workers in making saltpeter from 1812 to 1814 found two Indian skeletons reinterred in Houchin's Narrows close within the entrance.

It seems likely, however, that Mammoth Cave was not used by the Indians as much as were some of the other caverns near by in which many more evidences of occupancy—such as charred reeds, discarded sandals and even mummified skeletons—have been found by chance explorers.

When the War of 1812 broke out the United States was cut off from foreign sources of saltpeter—as essential for the manufacture of gunpowder as the powder itself was for winning the war. In this emergency the caves of Kentucky and Tennessee were ransacked for nitrous earth and hundreds of thousands of pounds of saltpeter were taken from them. Mammoth Cave was an important source of such material. Remains of the old leaching vats and of the long wooden pipes for pumping water into the cave and the nitrate solution out, may be seen today in a large chamber a short distance within the cave. When the war ended the price of saltpeter at once fell so much that the industry soon became extinct. In the pure dry air and constant temperature of the cave the old plank and logs remain untouched by time and remind us of how Mammoth Cave helped make possible Perry's victory on Lake Erie and Jackson's at New Orleans.

For some years after the War of 1812 the cave attracted but little attention and was considered of little importance. Gradually, however, it began to be used for sightseeing and the log houses erected for the saltpeter makers were converted into accommodations for visitors.

It is probable that no extensive exploration of the cave had been undertaken until it passed into the hands of Dr. John Crogan in 1839. He became active in developing facilities for visitors who by that time were coming from all parts of the world. Most of the guides underground were negro slaves, some of whom developed a genius for exploration and followed for miles many passages previously unexplored. By such labor, aided here and there by the clearing of choked or enlarging of narrow passages, a number of convenient routes for visitors were established and soon became the only ones frequented. With the death of the early guides, however, much of the knowledge of the remoter parts of the cave was lost.

Guides Were Daring

These early guides—such as Stephen Bishop, dean of them all—developed into men of remarkable daring in exploring miles of unknown and often dangerous passages and pits. They were resourceful in emergency, cool in danger and thoroughly trustworthy and reliable under all circumstances. Their descendants of the third and fourth generation still follow in their footsteps. They thread passages today that perhaps the grandparents or great-grandparents of both guide and visitor once trod together in the olden days.

It may seem strange that no complete detailed surveys have ever been made of Mammoth Cave. Dr. Crogan acquired the surface rights to about 2,000 acres of land, but it was evident to any one that the ramifications of the cave extended far beyond the confines of his estate. The owners did not want it known just what property was underlaid by the far-reaching avenues of the cave, lest other entrances might be discovered and their monopoly destroyed. Some sketch maps have been made and published by Dr. R. E. Call, but they are sketches without scale or land boundaries. The writer well remembers the emphatic refusal of the guide to let him use a compass he had taken into the cave in ignorance of the rule forbidding such instruments to be carried inside.

The Mammoth Cave estate was willed by Dr. Crogan in 1845 to his nieces and nephews, with the provision that it must be sold at auction upon the death of the last survivor. One of these heirs is still living, though now about 90 years of age. For some years there has been a growing conviction that the greatest cave in the world should not pass into private hands for mere commercial exploitation, but should be purchased by the United States and made into a national park, and that this park should also include a number of other notable caves in the immediate vicinity. These include Colossal Cavern, Diamond Cave, Crystal Cave, Onyx Cave, Indian Cave, Horse Cave, Proctor Cave, Salts Cave and numerous other equally well known ones. In addition to the many more or less known caves, thorough exploration would undoubtedly reveal many others, some of which might require considerable work to open and make accessible and any one of which might prove as beautiful and interesting as those already known.

THE EPIC OF '76: A ROYALIST PLOT

(Continued from Page 7)

June 22, "but they accuse you of being too easy in command—that is, I suppose, too relaxed in discipline—than which, in your situation, give me leave to say, there is no greater vice."

Moultrie answered these notes politely and went on smoking his pipe and hobnobbing with his men. But he did not provide facilities for retreat. On the whole, it seemed to him easier to stay and fight. To a friend who asked him what he would do if the British knocked his fort about his ears, he answered that he and his men would lie in the ruins and go on shooting. Two or three days more and this bit of bravado was to be tested.

What was going on in the Continental Congress, the mainspring of all this activity? Of that, during the last days of June, not much beyond the dry routine is known. There is even a queer gap in the personal letters of such men as John Adams, Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin.

On June 21 we find Franklin writing to Washington: "I am just recovering from a severe fit of the gout, which has kept me from Congress and company almost ever since you left us, so that I know little of what has passed there, except that a Declaration of Independence is preparing."

Inasmuch as Franklin was a member of the committee appointed to draw up the Declaration, this is at least surprising. But the gout was an enemy men respected in those days. Hancock had had an attack late in May. Moultrie was suffering from it even while he awaited the British cannonade.

And a far worse disease was continuing to sweep the country. "The smallpox! The smallpox!" wrote John Adams on June 26. "What shall we do with it? * * * It is some small consolation that the scoundrel savages have taken a large dose of it. They plundered our baggage and stripped off the clothes of our men who had the smallpox out full upon them at the Cedars."

Adams had his moments of historical perspective, however. A few days earlier he had written to his wife: "Great things are on the tapis. These throes will usher in the birth of a fine boy!"

Thomas Jefferson had put the finishing touches on his draft of the Declaration of Independence. It was to be submitted to Congress when that body convened on June 28.

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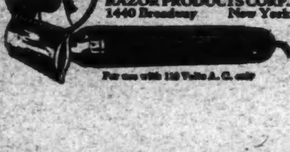

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COLLEGE CREWS ARE READY

(Continued from Page 9)

three weeks. Other crews—at Poughkeepsie, where the Westerners have been coming of late—arrive and begin their final effort. Eventually there comes, almost imperceptibly, a tightening of the atmosphere. It may come with the appearance on the float one afternoon of the captain of the '04 crew. Or with the presence in the coaching launch during the workout of gray-haired, straight-standing men who converse in low, earnest tones with the coaches. Rowing committee members, old oarsmen, all of them, and all of them coming back year after year, the forerunners of that big, brilliant crowd that is, on the great day, to appear, suddenly, mysteriously, from nowhere, invading the sleepy tranquillity of the rowing towns.

At New London, gray Government boats begin sliding past crew quarters. They are different from the usual mailboats and errand craft from the submarine base. They, too, are forerunners—van of another crowd, the crowd of yachts, launches, sailboats, canoes, skiffs, houseboats—almost anything that floats. These gray scouts, now, are the policemen sent by the navy to look things over before the start.

The Contestants Arrive

A day or two before the race the yachts commence arriving. The black, sturdy little schooner of the Iselins slides up off Red Top and drops anchor, a dinghy tied in businesslike fashion to her rail. After the race is over, Columbus Iselin of the Harvard navy will go abroad and join his family in a cruise about Labrador. For days Harry Payne Whitney's Whileaway will have been in the vicinity of Gales Ferry, taking the Yale crews off on short trips down the Sound; and there is always a Harvard yacht to do the same for the Cambridge boys.

The day before the race the picturesque harbor down below the Griswold at Eastern Point is jammed. Toward nightfall the procession starts north, bound for the race course.

By 8 o'clock the next morning the entire course is lined, from start to finish, with a most amazing maritime throng. Arthur Curtiss James's Aloha, as a rule, lifts her graceful square rig; and there are Edward F. Hutton's Hussar, a three-masted schooner; the famous old Constellation, Vincent Astor's speedy cruiser, and Harold Vanderbilt's Vagabond. This year it is expected that the long, piratelike Corsair, with J. P. Morgan and party abroad, will be on hand again. She is almost always prominent, her black hull shining out among the conventional white ones.

Last year there were more than 400 yachts in line. There will be just as many this year. Dressed from bow to stern, the yachts lie there in a blaze of color, each one bearing as its main motif a huge blue or crimson banner. The only drabness is furnished by the leaden sides of the navy patrol boats. But these, too, are bright with signal flags.

The streets of the town have been filling up. Twenty dollars a day may be asked for a hotel room without the blinking of an eye. At 9 in the morning the first parade starts down to the railroad station and the two observation trains. There is one train for each side of the river at New London, and they go out twice, for the freshmen and junior varsities row in the morning.

The streets are jammed, crowds threading their way among peddlers of "winning colors" and flag-laden automobiles. Now and again some one who has been impatient is already celebrating, and a grinning speculator will get rid of an entire bunch of crimson or blue balloons in a lump. Soon these will be flying from the roofs of the train cars, making a splotch of color for the boys out on the river to see as they paddle to the start. The gay, laughing, shouting crowd packs itself into the train. A horrible jerk, and the flat cars, wearing their strange load of wooden seats and carnival canvas awnings, are off for the races.

It is all over in an incredibly short space of time, and the crowds are back in town, fighting for luncheon, telling latecomers all about what happened in the morning and excitedly discussing prospects for the big race. This program is repeated in the afternoon, "bigger and better than ever." Then there is the evening of race day.

Cheers shouted away up a dim old street. Four or five members of the defeated college—safe, for the present, from sorrow—shunting you off the sidewalk as they stride along shouting their allegiance, and making you like it. Cars, filled with white dresses and glowing cigarette ends, bumping over the streets out of town toward the Griswold for the evening dances. And out on the river the sparkling riding lamps of the last yachts getting away.

At Gales Ferry and Red Top, packing up; elation and a sort of despair.

There is just time to jump over to Poughkeepsie for the last races of them all. That town, ordinarily sleepy and peaceful, is jammed. In the lobby of the ancient Nelson House oarsmen from the '80s on up to the present time are filling all the leather seats and telling any one who will listen that there were "men in those days."

Banners float all over the streets, from lamp posts and trees. Autos, with license tags from a dozen States and mud from as many on their sides, labor up the hill. The white-suited managers from the various camps stride along the streets, over for provisions, for mail. They are stopped every third step by an old grad, with a message to take back to the comparative quiet across the river.

Down on the river launches and crews from eight universities dart about in last-minute workouts. There are all sorts of rumors: that one coach has shifted his men and refuses to admit it; that another has made every one angry by running his launch between watchers on the shore and his boatload; that there is a epidemic of boils in this camp or the other; that some coach has resigned.

Rumors continue right up to race time. The natives vigorously join in spreading them. A cigar clerk is apt to stop you on your way out of his shop and regale you with his prophecies. Perfect strangers come up to you on the street and beg for observation train tickets.

At mid-afternoon excursion steamers from New York, chartered by clubs and colleges, are seen lumbering about, vying with the defter launches and yachts for posts at the finish. Navy boats dart up and down the course with orders. A rush starts for the opposite bank, where the observation train waits. Everything that floats is pressed into service. One year even a raft did duty.

Presently they are all over and the train moves up to the start. On the way various boathouses are passed and cheers exchanged with the crews waiting there for their tests. The two first races are put out of the way, and then the varsities, stretching almost clear across the water in the evening sunlight, are sent off for the long, grinding four-mile trip.

In less than half an hour they have found out what those months of work were spent for, and thousands of spectators are risking their lives getting back across to Poughkeepsie again.

The west shore is quiet and peaceful once more. Here and there, perhaps, a youth is sitting in a corner of a boathouse, crying very quietly to himself. In another a stroke may be shaking hands again, for the fiftieth time, with his coxswain.

HEARD 'ROUND THE WORLD

OLD documents recently discovered in the archives of Lexington are said to establish beyond doubt the name and history of the man who fired the "shot heard 'round the world." The man was one Lieutenant Ebeneser Munroe.

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TURKEY'S 'FORGOTTEN' WOMEN ARE ASTIR

(Continued from Page 4)

girl's sole relation with her future husband was through the medium of a female who came officially to inspect the bashful maid and report upon her charms. The wedding, performed by a priest, was attended only by close relatives, in order that no strange man should look upon the bride's face. Probably there was dancing, too, but dances in the Oriental style, not conventionalized embraces to the rhythm of American jazz!

In New Turkey a fox trot is more than moving to music. It becomes a symbol of feminine emancipation, and as such is frankly encouraged by the Government. The dance floor may be covered with linoleum, with ridges underneath and powder sprinkled atop to make it slippery; but none the less it is woman's path to the open. There must be no shirking at a republican ball in Angora. Every official must bring out his wife and his daughters. Every woman must dance, whether or not she has ever done it before. The President himself is there to direct the festivities.

There has been started in Stamboul a Woman's Union, which has a thousand members, men and women. It publishes the only woman's magazine in Turkey. The leader of the movement is Nezieh Mouheddine Hanoum, an erstwhile school-teacher and a woman of ambition. In her sitting-room in Stamboul her disciples gather round her, while she talks in the style of an Alice Paul. She has a fine-cut, nervous, intellectual face, and that quickness of sympathy which one finds often among the women of the Orient.

An Echo of the West

It was quaint to hear the standard suffrage arguments of the West revived in that green-plush sitting-room which looked out upon the latticed houses of Stamboul, the Sea of Marmora misty in the distance. The aim of the Union, it was explained to me, is, first, to obtain the vote for women as well as a share in political affairs; and, second, to persuade the mass of women to utilize their recently acquired social privileges.

When I inquired in Angora about votes for women I learned that there is no immediate prospect that they will be granted. At the moment, it would not be expedient to admit unsophisticated women into politics. But the President of the Grand National Assembly told me he believed that votes for women were sure to come. Within ten years, perhaps, Turkey will present the spectacle—unique save in Russia and Italy—of a country quietly handing its women the vote without the pressure of a single riot of hunger-strike.

For the time being the mass of Turkish women are enjoying as much liberty as they can handle, and might well be embarrassed by an extension of their rights. From the feminine angle, as from every other, this is an Era of Reconstruction in Turkey. The Woman Question is only a question of how swiftly the women can take practical advantage of the freedom proclaimed by the Government.

The rate of speed at which Turkish women are moving toward the light is not uniform. It varies according to age, class and previous condition of servitude. Those who have been exposed to European influence find the adoption of Western modes and manners fairly easy. Such women one finds in Angora, Constantinople, Smyrna, speaking several languages and enamoured of the name of progress.

One of them is Bedia Hanoum, the first Turkish actress, who, between intervals of modern French farce, has introduced Ibsen and Strindberg to wondering audiences. There is Safieh Ali Hanoum, a physician trained in German schools, who has opened the first native baby clinic and is teaching the mothers of Stamboul what hygiene means. Women on the staff of the Stamboul Conservatory of Music now teach mixed classes of young men and women.

The Turkish women have had their fill of monotony in the past. The younger generation in the cities burns for self-expression. Girls of good family are studying law at the University of Stamboul; fifty are enrolled in the medical courses at Haidar Pasha; Turkish girl stenographers are now employed in banks and business offices and a few women are employed in libraries and Government offices.

In a village about forty miles from Angora I met a young couple, the wife was teaching in the village school while her husband was serving his term as medical officer of the district. The dissatisfaction that formerly attached to a woman who earned her living is being replaced in Turkey by an admiration for women who work. A fortunate adjustment. That Mohammedan law has been abolished which made every woman a charge upon her nearest male relative, in case of the death of father or husband, or in case of divorce. Now many young women are being prepared to support themselves.

Still, the extent of enlightenment among Turkish women is narrow. A young Turk told me of visiting his uncle's estate in the South. Though the lady of the house was his aunt, she remained hidden away in the women's quarters and he did not see her once during his stay. Even in well-to-do families, it seems, the older generation is slow to change. There are women moving like shadows in Stamboul today who will not hear of lifting their veils nor of changing the dark domino for European dress.

In Anatolia the peasant women are still—so to speak—wedded to polygamy, and unable to read or write. They work in the kitchen and the fields. They sit down to table on the floor and dip their fingers in the common platter. They bear many children and lose many. Their functions are biological and servile, and their apathy is profound. When you meet one of them riding astride her tiny, dusty donkey or carrying water from the village fountain in a tin marked "Standard Oil," she will turn her head away, if she is not veiled, and lift a corner of striped calico head-dress to cover her mouth.

Among these unaroused masses the Government is endeavoring to spread the Western gospel. There has been talk of making European dress compulsory. In a few towns like Eski-Shehir such a ruling has been passed, but has not been put into effect, for poverty is widespread in Anatolia, and the homespuns and squares of printed calico which make the peasant woman's costume are cheaper than imported European garments. Dress reform will necessarily come slowly, waxing gradually with the prosperity of the country.

For uplifting the women of Anatolia, the Government is relying on its program of education and educational propaganda. Branches of the Turkoujak in many towns of the interior provide a social centre and a forum for presenting the modernized national ideals. And last Spring—months before the new Civil Code was passed—a group of men traveled through the country explaining the proposed reform to all the townfolk. These lectures drew crowds like a Chautauqua in Tennessee. One of the speakers related to me how, during the course of his tour, he met an old woman in the streets of Afiun-Karahissar.

"Why do you still wear a veil, mother?" he asked.

The woman looked at him and recognized the man who had lectured the evening before.

"My son," she said, "I am more than 70 years old. As a little girl I was taught by my mother that it was sin for a woman to show her face. When a woman has been covered for more than fifty years, it is not easy to uncover. It will be simpler for my daughter, and my little granddaughter will never know what it is to wear a veil."

To the new generation in Turkey, freedom will seem natural. Among the little girls, neglected in the past, the Ministry of Education is making its strongest effort. The establishing of primary schools and lycées for girls is a prime plank in the new program of education. In these schools, the budding mothers of Turkey learn the elements of physical and mental culture. They are encouraged to study trades and professions. They are unhampered by the traditions of the past. To this coming generation of women, New Turkey looks for the fruition of its recent new freedom for women.

STRAIGHT TO THE NORTH POLE!

(Continued from Page 2)

pleted and we looked down for the last time on the top of the world we took our course by the sun compass and headed back toward Spitzbergen. Of course I had not tried to set the sun compass for our rapid change of time.

I remember with what a feeling of relief I realized that we had at last accomplished our purpose. I relaxed for the first time. Oil was still leaking from the starboard motor tank and we were not sure whether it would all be gone and we would be forced to make it on two motors, but even if we came down upon the ice we had done what we had set out to do. Bennett felt the same way about it, I learned later in talking with him. There was a long, long road ahead if we were forced to make it on two motors but—there are some things which are sufficient in themselves. Coming back was relatively easy. I was sure of the course then, but it was still necessary to check up with frequency to make sure we would hit Spitzbergen, which is not such a large body of land when you are 700 miles away in the air with nothing on which to get bearings. Bennett got sleepy from the hum of the motors on the way back and I relieved him at times, so he could move about the compartment and wake himself up. Drowsiness affected me also but I knew I had to keep on the job of navigation.

At last, as I was pretty sure from my calculations we were nearing land, Bennett looked back and nodded toward the horizon ahead. Sure enough there was land, a thin streak of white above the pale glitter of the ice.

We had made it. We came back to the point I had aimed for and flew southward along the coast until we reached Cape Mitre and then turned in toward Kings Bay. As we hummed in over the mountains we could see figures, tiny black dots, pouring out of buildings, gathering in clusters over the slope from which we had taken off a short time before, although it seemed ages to us, and we shot down, and with a few preliminary circles landed with hardly a bump on the field and taxied up the slope.

The Weary Reaction

We were both very tired and almost devoid of sensation. I know we sat there a few minutes and then shook hands and lifted ourselves stiffly from our seats. The door of the compartment was torn open by some one outside and men rushed in to grasp our hands and say things which we could not hear because of our deafness from the roar of the motors. Then strong arms grasped us and lifted us up and carried us down the slope. All I felt was weariness. I was so utterly tired I wanted to lie down and sleep forever, it seemed, despite the excitement which could not help stirring me even then.

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